JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 26, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1219.
Vol. XLVI.

OVER A MILLION SALE

BOBBY HOWES

discovers a new virtue in **SARONY**

after he had narrowed his choice down to 2 cigarettes in Blindfold Test

BINNIE HALE

witnesses him finally pick Sarony

Bobby Howes and Binnie Hale have made "Mr. Cinders," the Hippodrome musical comedy, one of the biggest successes that the West End has known for years.

Bobby Howes discarded 3 of the 5 cigarettes among which he was asked to make his choice—blindfolded. And he found it difficult to decide between the 2 cigarettes left. They were both very good. Each had its good points. Then he said: "I prefer this one . . . it *is* the Sarony, is it? . . . why did I choose it? . . . . Well, I was waiting for it to get bitter and hot, like so many cigarettes do towards the end. *But it didn't!*"

BOBBY HOWES

THE BLINDFOLD TEST. Test No. 68. 25.9.29. The Blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. Fresh coffee is at hand to be sipped between each cigarette, to clear the taste. Only one question is asked, "Which did you enjoy most?" Sarony's famous smoothness, and complete absence of harshness or bite is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Sarony's their soothing, fragrant smoothness. So, "you can tell the difference, even Blindfolded."

Sarony

CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS.

10 for 6d *Flat Fifties* **2/6**

YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co., (1929), Ltd.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words, Minimum charge 27s.

A PROGRESSIVE HOUSE launching a new campaign invites applications for remunerative posts from successful salesmen.—Write, Mr. Vedmore, Big Ben Manufacturing Co., 37, Tothill Street, S.W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 5/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 332, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 3/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Cretéway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

DON'T HUNT FOR BARGAINS; Thousands come to you weekly through "THE EXCHANGE & MART." The greatest home paper. Practical articles. Free expert advice. 2d. now; specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wall paper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING Wool Bundles, 8 oz. 2/-, 5/6 1¼ lb., for Socks, etc. White, Navy, Grey Yarn 3/10 lb., post free. Patts of Wool Serges, Tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

WOOLS, GREAT BARGAIN SALE. 1d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Silky, 2½d. oz. Rug, 6½d., 1/-; 1/6½d. Rug Guide, 600 topics., free.—"Scotia" Wools, 156, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS.—Great Clearance of 1929 designs at reduced prices. Write for mammoth pattern book post free.—BLAKEY, MORRIS & CO. (LONDON), LTD., DEPT J., 33, LONDON ROAD, SOUTHWARK, LONDON.

BALLOONS, Paper Hats, Novelties, etc., for Dances and Parties. 24-pp list No. J.B.1140, Dudleys, Ltd., 451, Holloway Rd., London, N.7.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, Jokes, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 328, Mile End Rd., Lon., E.1.

RUG MAKING.—Finest Axminster Yarn, in hanks, 2/- lb., postage extra. Write for samples.—PARKER & CO., 46, George Street, Ayr.

LEATHER.—Our noted Tannage at 1/5d., 1/8d., 1/10, 2/- and 2/3 lb. Send for free cutting and list.—Yard Leather Co., Merthyr.

7/6 NOVELS FREE.—Fond of reading? Then join the Postal Library Service and get the books you want. A postcard brings full particulars and details of special introductory offer.—Postal Library Service, Ashington House, New King's Road, London, S.W.6.

CARNIVAL NOVELTIES, Balloons, Hats, Decorations, Jokes, etc. Large Catalogue free.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WHY DENY YOURSELF the pleasures of Wireless when you can obtain the Famous Miracle Set for 5/- down, with a Gramophone Electric Pickup Free? Read the full offer of the World's Wireless Stores on page 3.

FOR YOUR GRAMOPHONE.—Get the "Tango Two" Magnetic Dancers. Fitted to any gramophone, they waltz, foxtrot or one-step to the music, causing endless fun and amusement. The illustrated advertisement appears on page 3.

IF you are thinking of buying a GRAMOPHONE, do not overlook the following offers in this issue. Free catalogues are offered by O'BRIEN (page 16), CRANE (page 16), DRAGA (page 36), MEAD (page 36), ROBEY (page 12).

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE 30/-, 75 guaranteed garments. (No tapes, plus or useless pieces.) Most durable and sensible home-made Gowns, Flannels, large Napkins, Wool Coats, Shawls, Vests, etc. Accept verdict of all purchasers. 1,000 true testimonials. Purchase from a mother, 15 years' experience. Call or send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Cash or terms.) Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

SKIRT AND COAT BARGAINS! Readers who are interested would do well to turn to Modern Raymond's advertisement, which appears on page opposite.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-, 90 Home-made pieces. Everything from Chris. Robe to Napkins. Recent purchaser writes: "I don't know how you are able to do it for the price." Similar guaranteed genuine testimonials daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. Cash or terms.—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 22/6; motors, 8/6; accessories, 12 types internal horns cheap, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentfall, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 158, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

BUILD £20 Gramophone for £3. Instructions 3d. Latest internal Horns and Motors. Lists free.—J. H. G., 185, High St., Deptford, S.E.8.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy Direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No. 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Foulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—Choice Indian and Ceylon blend, 4 lb. 5/6, 6 lb. 8/-, carr. pd. Reduction quantities. Satisfaction or money back.—Wren & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 97, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr.—Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

SUPERB COLOURED PLATE FOR BIRD LOVERS: Free with grand Double Number of "CAGE BIRDS," out Oct. 19. Packed with attractions. 4d. now; 5d. post free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

GRAND DAIRY SHOW NUMBER of "POULTRY WORLD" out October 25. Fullest Show report, lovely colour plate and coloured cover; many extra pages. 4d.; or 5d. post free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free.—Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £5 weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

A.A.A.—Something new in Private Greeting Cards. SENSATIONAL NOVELTIES, every card a seller. Do not waste time with a back number. To make BIG MONEY you must have the very latest designs. The "Imperial Art" Series supplies these and gives HIGHEST COMMISSION. Send for FREE SAMPLE ALBUM.—Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 108, Lancaster.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS. — Largest Manufacturers require Agents. FREE Sample Book. DELIGHTFUL NOVELTIES: Calendars, New Feature Cut-out Velour Designs, Sensational Calendar Novelty on Wooden Stands, Detachable SPRAYS OF FLOWERS, Notepapers, Celluloid Pocket Calendar; Blotter; GREETING CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. Most extraordinary book ever published. ENORMOUS PROFITS. Prizes for all.—ALL-BRITISH CHRISTMAS CARD CO. (Dept. 414,) BLACKBURN.

WANTED, 100 Agents. No experience. 10/- in £ Com. You want cheap cards—we have them. Finest book of Private Christmas Greeting Cards free with full instructions. Make Merry and Make Money now! Dept. 1, Cleveland Press, 6-8, Sycamore Street, E.C.1.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY to make £25 before Christmas by selling the Famous "CASTLE" series Christmas Cards and Calendars. Magnificent Sample Book of ALL-BRITISH Cards and Novelties supplied FREE. Wonderful Commission and Prizes given.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 50, ANCHOR COURT, PRESTON.

AGENTS wanted for the "Golden Art" Private Greeting Cards; every free book a gold-mine; highest com. and prizes.—Dept B., British Card Association, 9, Middle Row, Goswell Road, E.C.1.

10s to £ COMMISSION.—Xmas Club Agents Wanted. Chocolates, Cigs., Toys, Fancy Goods (600 varieties.—Garner, 68, Sheepridge Road, Huddersfield.

AGENTS WANTED by Largest manufacturers. A REAL WONDER Book of Private Greeting Cards FREE.—Novelties and Calendars in Velvet; Celluloid Calendar for Pocket; Blotter; Book Mark; CARDS FOR EVERY TASTE. Amazing Profits, Splendid Prizes.—Empire Publishing Co., Dept. 457, Blackburn.

THE PLEASURES YOU CAN'T AFFORD. Earn the money for them by simple spare-time work that needs no capital and no experience. You may found your own little business by writing now, before it is too late, to The Manager, Agency Department (Ref. 86), 41, Pratt Street, London, N.W.1.

AGENTS WANTED for All-the-Year-Round Club. 1/- weekly payments. Write for our 96-page catalogue of 400 articles of personal and household requirements; very generous terms.—The M.M.T.A., Ltd., 66, Greenmount, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars. BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

EARN £3—£6 weekly as a Certificated Bookkeeper. Individual postal tuition, 10/- monthly. Success guaranteed. Position found when qualified or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, prize scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 99, New Oxford Street, London W.C.

100 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, O/S, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

WANT TO JOIN THE POLICE? Study at home to pass educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

BUY Hosiery, Underwear, Bedding to sell again to friends, etc. Over 15s. in £ profit. Quilts and Shade Cards given free. Send for wonderful Catalogue.—Nickson's, Broadway Chambs., London, W.6.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAM.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed.—For particss., write, ServiceCorrespondenceCollege, Thatcham, Newbury.

10/- in £1 PROFIT selling Ladies' STOCKINGS; experience unnecessary. Write, Rayon Silk Hosiery Co., 8 & 9, Friday St., London, E.C.4.

START A POSTAL BUSINESS

Shopping by Post is spreading like wildfire throughout the world. You can start a Mail Order Business quite simply in your own home by the "Hand" System. Expenses low, profits high, no special skill required. This system, invented by Charles Hand, Founder and present Controller of the world-famous Mail Order House of Hand and Co., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1, and Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., W.C.1, made in the first year (1926) net profits £1,720 11s. 2d. on an initial outlay of £14! (Certified by Chartered Accountants. Copy Certificate supplied to every applicant.) One investment of £3 10s. brought in £343! Send to-day for FREE FOLDER, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," to Charles Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. (Mention J.B. and enclose 1½d. stamp.)

THERE IS MONEY IN IT.

12 for 6d

'PLUS TWO'

"Not a 'fag,' but a full-size cigarette"

31 FT

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

FURNITURE.—Three rooms nicely furnished for 25 guineas. Bedroom Suite, including polished Walnut Dressing Chest of Drawers with Large Swinging Mirror, Marble-top Washstand, Full-size Massive Black and Brass Bedstead with Spring Mattress and all new Bedding Complete, Heavy Black and Brass Fender and Brasses, Strong Parlour Suite in Leather, comprising Well-Sprung Couch, 2 Arm-chairs and 4 small Chairs, Polished Walnut Centre Table and Overmantel to match, Axminster Rug and Pretty Carpet 3 yards long. Curtains, Pictures, Kitchen Furniture, including extending Dining Table, Chairs, Lino, Rugs, Oxidised Curb, etc. The lot complete accept 25 guineas. Great Sacrifice. Would separate. Quite New. Easy Terms arranged. All goods packed and put on rail free and sent any distance.—Home Furnishing Stores, 21 and 21a, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

AUTUMN WOOL SALE.—Genuine reductions, knitting from 1d. oz., Rug Chenille 7½d. lb., Rug Wool Thrums, 1/- lb. Guide and samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., The Quality Warehouse, 160, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BEACON OILSKINS KEEP YOU DRY FOR LITTLE MONEY. Men's Coats from 15/6. Leggings, 5/-. Ladies' Coats, 21/-. Send for 100-p. Beacon Booklet to-day and laugh at wet. Barbour's, Ltd., 67, Beacon Bldgs., So. Shields.

BOOTS & CLOTHING.—Buy Factory Direct. Big Saving. Keenest prices. Stamp for Lists (J.B.). AGENTS WANTED.—BRITISH BOOT CO., BRISTOL.

YOUR NEW OVERCOAT. Why not be tailored by post by Wallingford's (of Oxford St.), Ltd., and pay whilst you wear? You get the best cloth, the best service, and the easiest of terms. Call or write for new patterns, self-measurement chart and full particulars.—Wallingfords (of Oxford St.), Ltd., Dept. W.3), 125, Edgware Road, London, W.2.

BLUE WILLOW TEAPOTS GIVEN AWAY with 51-piece Family Set. Read the special 14-day offer of E. J. Herand in John Bull's "Shop Window," on page 2.

A FREE booklet is offered by WINGO, MAKERS OF MEN'S TROUSERS AND SUITS, in the advt. on page 10.

SHEFFIELD-MADE "Pixie" Razor Blades, 1/- per dozen. Good terms to buying agents.—Dronfield Tool Co., Dronfield, Sheffield.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT. *Enquiries for Agency Invited.*

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by chiefly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Richard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 32, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Buchu etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, S.P.M.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. Highly commended by Editor of "Health & Strength." Sent privately for 4d. only. — Henry Rivers (J.B.57) 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

COLE'S SKIN SOAP DEALS DEATH TO ALL SKIN TROUBLES.—1/6 full size Tablet sent FREE to prove it. Cures worst forms of eruptions, Eczema, Acne, Dermatitis, Itch, Pimples, Blackheads. Send 4d. stamps for postage, and mention John Bull.—J. B. Cole, 24, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

THE Medicinal properties of Bols VERY OLD GENEVA are really marvellous. Try it next time you feel out of sorts and depressed. Take a SMALL glass daily. BOLS V.O. GENEVA (in the Stone Bottle) keeps the system regular.

A FREE sample of DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES will be sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp. Address to Dept. "B," SAVORY & MOORE, LTD., 143, New Bond St., London, W.1.

BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d.—Douglas Pyke, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Rd., Victoria St., S.E.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 535, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOOTBALL WINS: Astonishingly successful forecasts by "Tomahawk," Via-ter-Judge & Fern, appear in "BOXING," 3d. post free. FOOTBALL," 2d. Wednesday; RACING, 2d. Thursday. From J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

A PAYING PROFESSION.—We teach you modern Swedish Massage, and when you are qualified put you in touch with patients. Our system includes all joint manipulations. We also are sometimes given other cases. Free particulars thoroughly in your own home. Free parties. Institute Institute, Belmont Rd., Leatherhead.

A BISHOP ON SEX: sterling article by T. B. Partington in this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH." The greatest physical culture journal. Out Wednesday, 3d., or 4d. post free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

A UNIQUE FREE COMPETITION appears on page 19—no entrance fee, simply fill in the voting coupon and post to FLEMING, WHITELAW, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

FREE.—Simply send the coupon in the PALMOLIVE advt. on page 23, and receive a free trial tube, sufficient for ten shaves.

FREE.—Daily samples of CALVERT'S TOOTH POWDER, TOILET SOAP and SHAMPOO SOAP will be sent to readers enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover post and packing.—Address: F. C. CALVERT & CO., LTD., Dept. "E," Manchester. See page 26.

FREE.—£200 in prizes for "Limerick" lines. See advt. on page 27. Send your entry NOW! Be sure to mark your entry With-These-Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT PEN OFFER (See page 38).

51 PIECE BLUE WILLOW FAMILY SET

for 45/- or 10 mthly pay. of 5/-

Large 6-cup TEA-POT FREE

Offer extended for 14 days.

Carefully crated for 5/- down. Write for booklet. "The Story of the Blue Willow Pattern," giving the legend behind this famous pattern and full details

E. J. HERAUD, Dept. J.B.23, NUMBER ONE, EDMONTON, London, N.18.

Established 30 years. The above is our full postal address.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

BUY BY POST AND SAVE MONEY

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

I guarantee your satisfaction

HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED

Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

FLOOR COVERING

AMAZING VALUE! 72 SQ. FT. FOR 15/- SAMPLES FREE

DAMP-PROOF & ROT PROOF.

THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 72 sq. feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 30, Carter St., Walworth Rd., London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

WHAT A BARGAIN for 1/9 A WEEK

THIS IMPERIAL PRAM comes to your door direct from Factory for first payment of 6/9. Beautifully finished, and satisfaction is assured. Don't miss this AMAZING VALUE, but send now for Free Catalogue and details of our generous terms.

IMPERIAL CARS.

(Dept. E.) 212 216, PENTONVILLE RD., King's Cross London, N.1

GRAMOPHONE DANCERS

The "Tango Two" Magnetic Dancers

Simply place them on your Gramophone, when they will WALTZ, FOX-TROT, or ONE STEP to the music.

REQUIRES NO FIXING AND FITS ANY MAKE OF GRAMOPHONE. Charmingly dressed and life-like, they create endless fun and amusement.

Complete satisfaction or money refunded. Usual Price, 6/6 SPECIAL OFFER Sent by return.

HASTINGS PATENTS CO., (Dept. 61), 121 & 122, Wilton Road, LONDON, S.W.1

Trade enquiries invited.

Tel.: Vic. 8259

Complete Set 1/11 Post 3d. 2 Post Free. Sent C.O.D. if required.

IT STOPS ITSELF

No other can equal this New Super Portable. Gives volume equal to large cabinet because of the treble length sound chamber and wonderful RIPPLE sound box. Collaro Motor and New Auto Stop. Stores and Plays 12 in. records.

Cash Price 63/- Carr. Paid U.K.

Get FREE Booklet now! Also to new Cabinet Models.

Fullotone Gramophones (1929), Ltd. (Dept. J.B.P.7), 75, Grafton Road, N.W.1. 'Phone: North 0017.

5/9 SECURES *followed by 11 equal monthly payments of 5/9.*

Also Branches at—Croydon, E. Ham, Tottenham, Bolton, Liverpool, Manchester, Hull, Glasgow.

FULLOTONE SUPER PORTABLE

West End Tailored OVERCOATS for 6/- a month

Be tailored by Wallingfords, and so be assured of absolute satisfaction. These overcoats, cut and made in our own workshops, are the keenest bargains ever offered for 42/- cash or 6/- down and 6 monthly payments. They are marvellous value. Write NOW for free patterns and easy self-measurement chart.

Wallingford's

(of Oxford Street), (Dept. A1) (Note New Address):— 125, Edgware Rd., London, W.2.

ONLY SENT ON APPROVAL

This Charming Frock

2/- WEEKLY

Made of Rich Quality CELESTE VELVETEEN Trimmed with dainty Lace Collar and Cuffs.

Exquisitely chic and smart, but not severe, this superb little model will make you look your best. Made with full circular skirt and simple bodice. Colours: Black, Navy, Beaver, Wine, Sage, Almond, Green, Brown. Reduced price 24/11 only. (O.S. 3/6 extra) or 5/- deposit on approval and 2/- weekly. Same model also in Gorgeous Art crepe, beautiful sheen, trimmed charming contrast at absurdly low price of 16/11. O.S. 2/6 extra, same colours. All sizes. Send cash or deposit NOW! RAYMONDS, The Model House, (Dept. J.B.) 53, Long Lane, London, E.C.1.

ALL FOR 20/- Carr. Paid.

CASH OR C.O.D.

Surplus Clearance

SALE CONTENTS:

2 HEAVY WOOLLY BLANKETS, Cream with Blue Borders.
1 Heavy Quilt in lovely colourings.
2 Lancashire Twill Sheets.
2 Pillow Cases.
1 Bolster Case. —All Double Bed Size.—

With every Sale from this Advert. we send a Lovely String of Real "Manacor" Pearls Equal to ANY GUINEA STRING on SALE.

OUR FREE ADVERTISING GIFT

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.7), Allum Street Mills, MANCHESTER.

50,000 Yards CASEMENT CURTAINING AND CRETONNES 1D.

P.C. BRINGS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE, ALSO POST FREE 72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes.

PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

From 3D. Yard

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS FADELESS CASEMENT with a GUARANTEE 4½D.

Actual samples of plain Hemstitched, Inserted, Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.B.8) THE LOOMS, MANCHESTER.

Amazing Value

2/- WEEKLY

Immediate Delivery.

SMART WINTER COAT

Charming new model in latest design heavy Yorkshire Tweed, heavily trimmed with Beautiful Real Fur; lined throughout with lovely Art Crepe. Beautifully cut and tailored, perfect in every detail. Colours: Fawn and Brown Fancy, and Wine Fancy. Raymonds direct-to-you price 39/11 cash, post free. Honestly worth double. Or 5/- deposit and 6d. part carr., balance 2/- weekly. Money back if not delighted. Send NOW.

RAYMONDS, The Model House (Dept. J.B.), 53, Long Lane, London, E.C.1.

OIL saves TOIL!

THREE-IN-ONE OIL saves labour in keeping the home spick and span. Prevents rust on stove and all metal parts. A few drops in the wash water makes windows and mirrors sparkle; it causes furniture and lino to come up like new. There are 70 household uses—and more in the garage and garden. Get a can to-day and oil your gramophone, pram, cycle, mower, sewing machine, locks, hinges, etc.

Sold in 2d., 1/6 and 3/- bottles. 2d. OILRIGHT *cans* 1/6 HANDY Oil cans.

FREE Send a card, mention "John Bull," for generous free samples and dictionary of uses to

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO. (Dept. J.B.4), 4 & 5, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.4.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust · OILS · Cleans & Polishes

FOR YOUR KIDDY!

A LEATHERETTE COAT

with sou'-wester to match, in a superior quality. Double-breasted, with storm collar, for either a boy or girl. Guaranteed waterproof. In Saxe, Red, Dark Green, Navy, Tan or Black. 18, 21, 24 and 27 ins.

SPECIAL OFFER SET COMPLETE 6/6

Larger sizes, 30, 33 and 36 ins., 8/6 per set. (Post and packing 6d.) Sent C.O.D. if required.

Note: Please give second choice of colour when ordering.

E. A. DENYER (Dept. 37), 9, Southampton St., Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs.

1/- Post 3d. Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat. Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it

FREE An Extra Blade will be given free to all sending for above.

J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2

(Trade enquiries invited)

Wonderful Offer

WHIPCORD TROUSERS AND SHIRT

For real hard wear these trousers are the very thing. Almost impossible to wear out, fully cut and well tailored, smart appearance yet tough as steel. 10/- Post Free 40 in. — 48 in., 9d. extra. Super wearing working man's whipcord shirt in neat stripes or neat print shirt in fashionable designs (collar to match) for best wear. State shirt desired. All garments well made, smart and reliable

TROUSERS only 6/3 post free. SHIRTS " 4/5 " "

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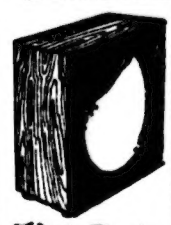

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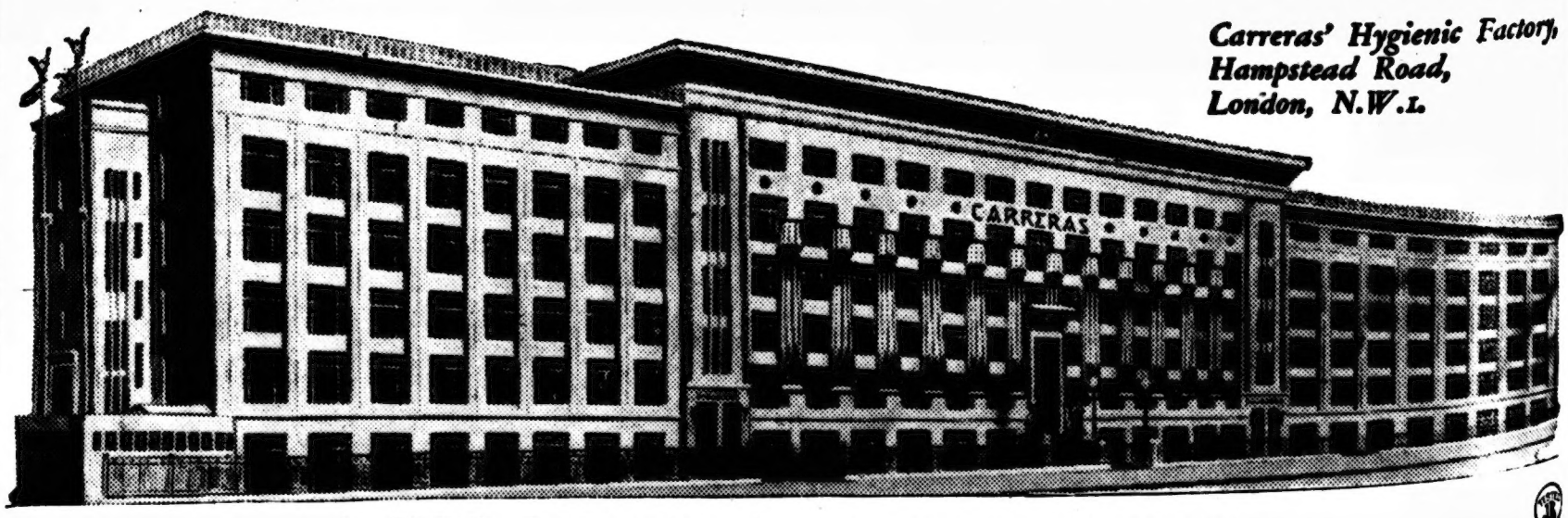

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Oct. 26, 1929. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THE annual agitation against Armistice Day is once again to the fore. It is mainly a Press stunt. There are few people in Great Britain who would oppose the ceremony.

* * *

The day serves to revitalise our remembrance of a lost generation, the million who passed into silence for a cause; and as such it deserves commemoration to the end of time.

If peace ever comes to the world, it will not be the achievement of the living, but the triumph of these dead.

Two minutes' silence once a year is a small tribute to pay for so much.

* * *

But when you think of the dead, remember the living. Thousands of broken and penniless men remain as war's legacy. Remember—and help them.

Byng asks why

Lord Byng has held a strict enquiry at Scotland Yard into what he considers the lax way in which C.I.D. officers handled the Corrigan case.

Corrigan, as we told you lately, is a great rogue who recently fled to Belgium as soon as a warrant for his arrest was issued.

Meanwhile, Scotland Yard has been all of a flutter. As the result of Lord Byng's probe, one highly-placed officer found himself, for a time, in very unpleasant odour, but the black clouds are now, we understand, passing over.

In view of the large sums of money involved in Corrigan's frauds, we certainly think that he should be brought back from Belgium at once by means of extradition proceedings.

Bring them back!

Whilst on the subject of extradition, it is time something was done to speed up Continental legal formalities regarding Britishers who have been arrested abroad for alleged offences.

For months a charge has been hanging over a rogue, named Thomas Rowe Williams, who has a long criminal record in England, and who has figured in many sensational cases in recent years.

Williams was arrested at Boulogne in the spring of this year for charges relating to French law, and the proceedings are still pending. Meanwhile a warrant is out against him in England which, until the French case is disposed of, cannot be executed.

Flaming tortoise

It is significant that Colonel Gretton has again come into the limelight by denouncing the Conservative machine.

He resembles a tortoise. Whenever he wakes up politically he wants his feed and always makes a good meal of it.

He broke Mr. Lloyd George's power, and now Party officials had better keep a close watch on him.

Labour and the Lords

A number of prominent Labour Members have recently been mentioned in the Press as being on the list of new Labour peers.

We are able to state that no such list exists, and that the question of creating new peers has not so far been dealt with by the Cabinet, although the necessity of giving Lord Parmoor and Lord Passfield more support in the

Make those Minutes Real

Scotland Yard Flutters

More City Scandals

Baron Strabolgi —one day

Upper House is well realised by the Government.

At the moment, two of the most likely candidates are Commander Kenworthy, who will one day be Baron Strabolgi, and Mr. Noel Buxton.

Well tamed

The latest manœuvre of the Tory wirepullers in London has led to trouble in Huntingdonshire, where, after the local people chose Mr. Dudley Joel at an open meeting, the local Conservative association, behind closed doors, nominated Sir Gifford Fox.

Sir Gifford Fox is a young man, who worked at Tory headquarters for a time, learning the true gospel as preached at Palace Chambers. Lady Gifford Fox is prominent in the Junior Imperial League.

Rope them all in!

The committee which has been enquiring into the question of the London passenger traffic has arrived at a unanimous decision to recommend to the Minister of Transport a step which may have far-reaching effects.

It is that all proprietors of 'buses, taxis and other vehicles plying for hire in the metropolitan area should be compelled by law to insure against third-party risks before they can be granted a licence.

Mr. Herbert Morrison is now giving consideration to the committee's recommendations, which must be accepted and then extended to embrace private owners.

Left out

Thousands of poor widows must be bitterly disappointed with the provisions of the new Pensions Bill. Led to believe that need was to be the principal test of qualification for pension, they now find necessity the one factor completely ignored.

Thus, while a widow with a large private income, whose husband died before the Health Insurance Act came into force, may be entitled to a pension of 10s. a week, a penniless widow may be completely debarred from benefit.

And what of elderly spinsters, most of whom have the most meagre savings, fighting alone and friendless against the whole world?

The Bill must be amended.

Small beer

The League of Nations is not wholly concerned with big issues of peace and war. It is now considering whether barmaids should not be prohibited in seaport towns.

The League would do well to save its time and our money for matters more worthy of its august consideration.

Pay everybody!

British subjects who owned property in the devastated areas of France have for years been denied compensation by the British and French Governments, though French citizens have been compensated by their own authorities.

It has now been decided that £11,000,000 will be paid to British firms, and under an arrangement made by Mr. Churchill over three years ago, £5,000,000 of this money will be a present from this country.

* * *

Meanwhile, there are thousands of war sufferers here at home who have never received a penny by way of compensation, although over £30,000,000 has been collected in reparations from Germany.

Why is this money being hoarded up instead of being fairly distributed amongst some of the war's worst sufferers?

Soon bottled

The so-called "drink question" is shelved by the Government for the duration of the present Parliament, and it will probably be conveniently removed from the controversial arena during the next election as well.

Such latitude has been given the Drink Commission that its investigations will still be proceeding when the election comes.

All that the Government's candidates will have to say in response to enquiries is that they "cannot anticipate the findings of the Royal Commission."

Welcome, none the less

General Hertzog, Premier of South Africa, is in danger of becoming pro-British.

After much aggressiveness in deed and speech against the Empire, he now tells the Nationalist Party Congress that he will resign rather than accept a motion to appoint a South African next Governor-General of the Union.

He insists on a representative appointed by the King.

Neither would he accept a motion demanding secession from the Empire.

India advances

Lord Irwin is now on his way to India. It has been stated that he is going out to tell the Legislative Assembly that the Government has decided to grant Dominion status to India.

This is not the case. Nevertheless, it is almost certain that the report of the Simon Commission (to be delayed for another four months) will contain a recommendation to that effect.

Mr. MacDonald's Government *has* definitely decided that India must have equality of status with the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

More trouble

The City is now awaiting anxiously a crisis in the affairs of at least four groups which control a number of well-known companies.

These companies have thousands of small investors, who are likely to find that their shares are practically valueless. Moreover, the general nervousness is bringing down other shares in value, and following the Hatry collapse is creating one of the worst situations on the Stock Exchange since the war.

And still the Stock Exchange and the Board of Trade do nothing to tighten up their regulations.

Under the skin

Mr. Bruce, the ex-Premier of Australia, is likely to pay an extended visit to Britain. In social circles Mr. Bruce will be very welcome. He is genial and tells a good after-dinner story.

It is wonderful how these politicians can forget all their bitterness and become quite human when they condescend to be just ordinary persons.

Robbery

Exorbitant cost of transport in this country is one of the greatest of the many factors which are adversely affecting trade.

What does he say?

The railways are not the only culprits.

Why is it that a small case of goods from Central Europe, which costs only 17s. 6d. to transport many hundreds of miles to the Port of London, costs another £1 4s. 8d. to move from London Docks to an address in the City?

In this total is 6s. 8d. levied by the Port of London Authority, a sum out of proportion to the charges made by Continental ports.

What does Lord Ritchie, chairman of the Port Authority, say about it?

A black outlook

The effect of the increased bank-rate is already being seriously felt by industrialists.

Some of the big banks are in consequence being forced to instruct their branch managers to advance less money even at the bigger rate.

The position is more serious in that it is now understood that, instead of being a temporary measure, the 6½ per cent. bank-rate is likely to last into the new year.

Stiff-necked as ever

This is why British shipowners refused to attend the International Maritime Conference at Geneva.

First, they knew that an attempt was to be made to obtain an eight-hour day for merchant seamen—and that set them by the ears very badly.

Also, they wish to prevent the closing of the breach between the Trades Union Congress and the National Union of Seamen. Pending the re-admission of the union to affiliation, the T.U.C. sent Mr. Ben Tillett to represent the interests of seamen at Geneva.

The shipowners took umbrage at this, and declared that they could only recognise as a competent delegate a representative of the National Union of Seamen.

The President of the Board of Trade is likely to have something to say to the shipowners in this matter.

* * *

Silent pictures

The Empire Marketing Board is spending a lot of money on pretty posters, but it is doing nothing to place the producers of the Empire in direct touch with the consumers.

When Dominion critics suggest that this should be done they are told that the Empire Marketing Board is a Government Department which cannot be expected to soil its hands by shopkeeping. It exists simply to "create an atmosphere."

There is a lot to be said for a clever advertising campaign, but it is useless unless backed up by energetic salesmanship.

In minor key

Musicians have been sent to the wall by the advent of "talkies," and the back street in the West End where they congregate in search of employment at their union headquarters has become known as "The Wailing Place."

Six hundred have been discharged from kinemas in London alone, and only about a hundred have found other engagements.

We hope their plea to local authorities to establish municipal orchestras is successful. Meanwhile it is up to employers to restrict the number of foreign musicians engaged at fashionable restaurants and hotels.

Look first

Having cut naval construction to the bone, it is natural that the Labour Government should try to find other work for the men in the shipyards. But the steps it has taken are causing discontent.

It has successfully competed against a private shipyard for an expensive refit to the Chilian battleship, *Almirante Lattorre*.

What British shipwrights want to know is: must they take this as a threat of Government competition with private firms for private merchant-ship contracts?

All quiet now

Some remarks made recently by so eminent an authority as Sir Chartres Biron on the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall seem to be creating a "certain liveliness" in legal circles.

Sir Chartres has stated publicly that Sir Edward was not really so great a defender of prisoners as "Charles Mathews or Geogeghan."

We can only say that in the serious matter of defending people on grave criminal charges "results count." Certainly neither Sir Charles Mathews nor Mr. Geogeghan had such a record of victories as had Sir Edward.

A penny gaff

Miss Alice Williams Maddock appeared before Mr. Stuart Deacon, the Liverpool stipendiary, charged with having stolen a packet of hairpins from Woolworth's stores.

The case took two hours. Two hours, thou comic muse! Miss Maddock was even asked if she wanted the case tried by a judge and jury.

Barristers, solicitors and public officials, cooling their heels in the corridor, did not see the joke. Neither did Mr. Deacon, for he found that the charge was ill-founded.

No doubt Mr. Everett, Chief Constable, will have someone on the carpet over the affair.

IF YOU SEE IT—*Continued*

The Protector

An ex-Serviceman who is travelling the country in search of work, with his wife and a baby in arms, had the following experience:

On seeking shelter at a casual ward, he was asked to hand over all his money—which amounted to five coppers. When he set out next day he asked for the return of this sum, but was told by the superintendent that the practice of returning money to those who claimed the "hospitality" of the union had been discontinued.

The unfortunate little family thus found itself on the road again, without even sufficient money to buy food for the baby on the way.

Yet on the formal receipt for the fivepence appeared, among the list of titles of the stony-hearted superintendent, that of "Infant Life Protection Officer."

Palestine delays

The Palestine Commission of Enquiry, which was appointed more than five weeks ago, has only just begun its investigation of the religious riots which occurred in August.

"Ready to leave with his colleagues"

What has been the reason for this curious delay? Sir Walter Shaw and his colleagues were ready to leave within a week of their appointment, and their work would have been made much easier if they had done so.

The truth is that the Commissioners have been over-ruled as to the procedure they should adopt. They decided on a certain line of action, but after representations had been made in high quarters a different procedure had to be agreed to.

There will now be legal representation of the parties and cross-examination of witnesses, and nobody knows how long the enquiry will take.

Dreaming dreams

Lord Balfour—bedridden, but as active in mind as ever—has been following Mr. MacDonald's triumphant visit to America with interest.

He was the first British politician to receive an official American welcome, and it is generally acknowledged that by his courtly bearing and behaviour he did quite invaluable work in cementing Anglo-American friendship, an ideal which he has always cherished.

The meanest sweating

You would not think it possible, but it happens. Many local authorities and private employers still cut down the wages of all employees as soon as they reach the age of sixty-five and qualify for old-age pensions.

This is worse than profiteering: it is theft. It is an impudent flouting of social legislation meant to ease the lot of the poor in their old age.

In the case of public authorities, the Government could stop it at once. And then, if the law can't stop the private offenders, perhaps shame may.

Amending the coroners

In the Coroners Bill which Mr. Clement Davies, K.C., M.P., will introduce in the next Parliamentary session, considerable attention will be given to the recommendations of the British Medical Association Committee, which sat for two years to consider the Coroners Amendment Act of 1925.

Preparing to amend coroners

Roughly, they were that the power to appoint coroners should be vested in the Minister of Health, and that they should only determine the cause of death. Also that every coroner should be *ex officio* a member of the local bench of magistrates.

Mr. Davies will probably incorporate the salient features of these recommendations in his Bill if it could be possible to arrange that every coroner should have the double qualification of lawyer and doctor.

Up, Leeds!

On another page Mr. A. G. Gardiner pleads for better government of our towns, with the post of town-governor as a full-time job. Here is an example of municipal alertness which will gladden his heart.

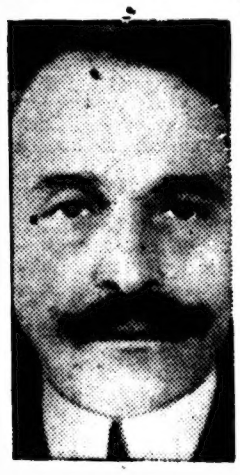
A certain newspaper firm has been considering the advisability of establishing a printing-works in the North of England. Things have not gone far, yet already the firm has received a letter from Mr. Thomas Thornton, the town clerk of Leeds, setting forth the advantages of his city, *and offering even to find a site.*

We have seen the letter and it is a good one, full of facts (Mr. Thornton knows his city) and well reasoned.

With this spirit pervading the civic life of Leeds, other towns in the North had better look to their laurels.

Gland tidings

As JOHN BULL has taken a leading part in exposing the monstrous operations attempted by the star vivisectionist Voronoff and his satellites, we take pleasure in informing our readers that experiments carried out under controlled test conditions on lambs and black-faced sheep by Dr. H. Velu and Dr. I. Balozet, of Casablanca, Morocco, have utterly failed.



This may get his goat

This may get the monkey-gland merchant's goat; for it finally condemns his rejuvenation notions. Those who submitted themselves to his knife were not, of course, in any way permanently benefited.

Underhand underwriting

When the Moneylenders Act restricted their activities, many moneylenders took to underwriting shares as a new way to easy money.

While the boom lasted this was a delightfully simple and profitable occupation. Shares were underwritten at a commission of 4 per cent. The public took up the whole issue and there was nothing to do but to collect the commission.

Then the change came. The public were more wary, and the shares were not taken up. So the directors turned to the underwriters to fulfil their obligations, only to discover in many cases that men who had underwritten shares to the value of £50,000 were not worth £50.

For such men to underwrite shares is to obtain money by false pretences, and they should be made liable to criminal prosecution.

Measured beat and slow

Motorists have the laugh of the Kingston police at last. Surprised, but not caught, in the act of ransacking a clothier's shop in Richmond Road, a gang of burglars made off in a saloon-car.

The guardians of peace and property started in pursuit in a police-car which was in the station-yard; but after a chase of ten miles the bandits got clean away, the police-car proving incapable of sufficient speed.

Considering the enormous amount contributed by motorists in fines for exceeding the speed limit in the Kingston district, the local police ought to be able to afford a car fit to serve its purpose.

Missing words

During the hearing of a summons against a collier for a maintenance order in respect of his mother, it was stated at Maesteg Police Court, Wales, that the man's earnings averaged £2 7s. 1d. per week, but that the colliery company kept back 18s. 9d. in respect of rent and arrears of rent.

The presiding magistrate, Mr. Llewellyn Jones, said it was very "unfortunate" that such large sums should be kept back from the wages of a workman who has a wife and four children to provide for.

We can think of much stronger words than "unfortunate" to qualify this company's action.

"The Investor"

Another instance of the methods employed by Appleton, alias Harvey, alias Ford, has just been brought to our notice.

In our issue of last week we mentioned that Ford had edited several bogus financial publications, one of which he had the temerity to name *The Investor.*

This, of course, is the name of a highly reliable and old-established financial journal, edited by Mr. Walter E. Skinner, and Ford has not and never has had any connection with it.

We gladly give publicity to this fact.

Topsy-turvy

One of the gravest follies of the law relating to dangerous driving is that a man may be convicted of being drunk while in charge of a car, but not of being doped.

At Llanelly, a man named David John Bowser was charged with being drunk while driving. He proved that his unfitness was due to "narcotic poisoning"—chlorodyne aggravated by alcohol. And so he got off scot-free! The thing is absurd.

Let us abolish the offence, "drunkenness while in charge of a car," and increase the punishment for the *real* offence—dangerous driving.

One big ramp

Income-tax assessment notices are now flooding the country. Large business concerns and well-to-do private persons employ a professional gladiator—an accountant—who arrives at the assessment by agreement with the inspector of taxes.

But the great mass of citizens have no professional helper, and little care is taken by the inspector to reach the correct figure. The assessment, in round figures, is an obvious "estimate," and the guess is always on the right side for the taxes.

Our Income-tax Expert has already heard from many readers who have been served with notices where the assessments are in nearly every case arbitrary and excessive. Such assessments can be upset. Our Income-tax Expert will be pleased to advise readers.

My Warning to the CABINET

by A. J. COOK,

Secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain

BRITISH coal has created more conflicts, crises, commissions and confusion than any other commodity. Its troubles appear to be as endless as a recurring decimal. They are continually before the nation, and King Coal and his throne live in a state of continual danger.

There must be some reason for this.

The coal trade to-day employs nearly 900,000 men. It is our basic industry, as well as our largest.

We have the best coal in the world and, outside America, where they have very thick seams and most machine-mined coal, we have the largest output per person employed.

In addition to this, we have good transport by a network of railways and some of the best mine-workers in the world.

Yet there is chaos and confusion.

Since 1914, miners in every other country in the world have improved their real wages and their conditions of labour. In many countries mine-workers have even obtained holidays with pay and special pensions. They have marched forward. We, supposed to be an advanced country, have marched backward.

Our men are working the longest hours to-day of any other country except China, India and Africa.

The Eight Hours Act means nine hours for underground workers from the first man down to the last man up.

In regard to wages, the average earnings per person per day, according to the last statistics issued by the Government are 9s. 3.24d. Weekly earnings are, therefore, just over £2. The earnings vary from 7s. 3.3d. per day in Northumberland to 10s. 0.21d. in Yorkshire.

I would like it remembered that stoppages for tools, powder, rent, insurances, etc., are deducted from these earnings.

The great struggles of 1921 and 1926 are not yet forgotten. Neither are the revelations of the four commissions, particularly those of the great Sankey Commission, which declared emphatically that private ownership of the mining industry stands condemned.

Mr. Cook drives home his point in a fighting speech to a mass meeting of miners. He is too vigorous to speak well—except in shirt-sleeves

Wasted years

YET practically nothing has been done since that commission in 1929 to reconstruct and reorganise Britain's basic industry.

What are the conditions in the coalfields to-day?

The grim poverty existing there is well known. The result of the investigation of the Lord Mayor's Committee and the visit of the Prince of Wales to the coal-mining areas is still, perhaps, fresh in the public mind.

We are facing another winter of poverty among miners, with thousands of unemployed. One thousand pits have been closed since January, 1927, and over 200,000 miners are looking for work, excluding thousands of young men who have never had the chance to start.

During the last election, the starving miner and the appalling conditions of the mines were in the forefront of every election address—in fact, it was the burning question.

Electors were asked to save the mines and the miners by reorganisation. They were asked to repeal the Eight Hours Act, secure a national minimum wage, and provide machinery for the unification of the coal industry. And so on.

But we are still drifting on, waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. Coal brought down Lloyd George and his Government. It brought down Stanley Baldwin and his Government, too. The fact is well acknowledged. The same fate will overcome the Labour Government unless it faces boldly and constructively the problems involved.

The agreements forced upon beaten men in 1926 expire shortly.

What has the nation to say? What will the public do? Will they allow the owners or the Government to dilly-dally in face of such a grave outlook?

The public want the mines reorganised, scientifically and technically. They want to give the miners safety and economic security.

I have seen proposals to buy out the royalty-owner. Why? What is going to be the cost of buying out men with incomes from royalties worth a ransom?

The Duke of Northumberland gets £82,450 per annum, Lord Tredegar £83,827, the Earl of Durham £58,911, and the Marquess of Bute £115,772.

Obsolete mines

IN Northumberland, where the mines are among the oldest and most uneconomical and the wages of the miners are the lowest, we have the highest figure of royalties paid. Is the nation to be asked to buy out these royalty-owners?

Within a short time the mines involved would have to be closed, because heavy losses would be incurred if work in them were continued.

What sort of bargain would it be for the nation in exchange for paying out a vast sum of money? I can only say this—it would be a very good bargain for the royalty-owner, and he would be the first to accept it.

But it is up to the nation to see that these owners are not bought out at a ransom price. The mines can be and must be reorganised, unified, centralised for production and distribution. There must be co-ordination to extract by-products, especially oil, and to generate electricity.

It is little use, in face of such conditions, flooding the country with appeals for peace in industry and pleading for a new spirit. The coal-owners refuse to meet the miners' representatives to discuss either the future of the industry or the new agreements. And the Government appears as impotent to do anything as the last.

Is it peace?

THERE can be peace, progress and prosperity in the industry when there is a proper understanding of the human as well as the economic values involved.

JOHN BULL has fought for the miner throughout, and I am pleased to see that once again this widely-read journal is standing for justice for the great mining community.

While wages have been reduced, hours lengthened, costs reduced many shillings per ton, the price of coal to the domestic consumer has remained unchanged.

The price of coal is nearly four times as much to the consumer as it is at average pit-head price.

We know what the miners want. They want a living wage and humane conditions of work.

The mine-worker invests his life in the mine. He is entitled to a living wage, proper hours, holidays with pay, pensions, etc.

Teachers, policemen, civil servants and many others have a minimum wage, holidays with pay, and pensions to which they are fully entitled.

The miner is equally entitled to the same thing.

The Government intends setting by law centralised price-fixing and producing regulations for every pit in the country.

No Government, much less a Labour Government, can allow the coal-owners to set up a monopoly or cartel with legal backing to fix prices or production quotas unless the mine-workers whose wages are determined by revenue, and consumers, have a say in the matter.

Another coal calamity?

The public must demand protection from possible exploitation, while the miner must have a voice in his own destiny.

Let the Government place its proposals before the country. The coal-owners are barren of ideas. They have no national or constructive policy.

The Government must save the nation from another coal calamity.

The mine-workers do not want to be the cockpit of another great national upheaval. They are not thieves or scoundrels. They want peace and prosperity as much as anybody—safety and economic security. They have a right to expect it.

It is the business of the nation to protect the wealth of the country—the coal-mines and the mine-workers. Coal is not scientifically played out. It has not yet been scientifically played in.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

SHAKE OUT THEIR POCKETS, BEN!

Bluff is Not Enough — Automatic Inquest Needed — One Policeman Stops a War

The Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
Lord Privy Seal

DEAR THOMAS,—You really must begin producing "the goods" of your schemes to reduce unemployment.

So far you have made your way by "personality"—cruelly called "bluff" by your enemies.

Now you have reached the point where personality—or bluff—is not enough.

Unless you have something concrete behind it, you will very soon walk the political plank.

JOHN BULL.

Right Rev. GUY WARMAN, D.D.,
Bishop of Manchester

MY DEAR BISHOP,—You need have no fear of a sex-war. It is true that women and men sometimes compete for work and wages. But there is usually a woman at home who is on the man's side in the battle.

Again, doubtless you have noticed that the women voters have not formed a Women's Party; and you can take it from me that they won't.

The central fact of life is that always and everywhere the woman and the man form a working alliance against all comers. Even when the alliance breaks, usually another like it appears.

In fact, so long as men and women fall in love with each other, the sex-war is a myth.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. B. LEES SMITH, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR,—I see that Viscount Wolmer, formerly Assistant-Postmaster-General, declares that if the telephone system were put on a business basis to-morrow £40,000,000 would have to be written off as capital lost by mismanagement.

I don't know what you will have to say to that; but I should like to know how you can defend your department when a manufacturing firm takes the unprecedented step of imploring its customers in the "agony column" of a daily paper to send all orders by post or hand to avoid delay "owing to the unreliability of the new automatic 'phone service recently inflicted upon us."

JOHN BULL.

Ex-KAISER WILHELM,
Doorn, Holland

SIR,—I suggest that it is a trifle unfair of you to speak of the "spirit of debased and venomous hatred of the British people." Our reputation—well justified, I think—is that we are the worst haters in the world.

We said some hard things about Germans during the war—some justified, some not; but, after all, it was a German who wrote the "Hymn of Hate."

Especially at a time when Germany and England are approaching an *entente*, your words seem ill-advised—unless you do not wish the German Republic to flourish and endure.

And, of course, that is possible.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. HAROLD EWBANK, M.A.,
Vicar, St. Silas, Sheffield

REV. SIR,—Aren't you ashamed? Your divine Master never attacked the poor because of their poverty, or suggested that if there was no work for them in Palestine they should emigrate to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Your statement that the reasons why more British people don't go to Canada are that it "means very hard work and there are long intervals between public-houses" is a stupid insult.

If you knew anything of life you would know that it is a hard thing for a man with a family to have to choose between exile and starvation.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. W. P. G. McCORMICK,
St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, W.C.

DEAR CANON "PAT,"—You and your fellow-clergy will receive the grateful thanks of the humbler members of the theatrical profession for your action in opening the St. Martin's Lunch Club from three to seven on Sunday afternoons for the benefit of touring actors.

What I like about it is that you have selected the hours at which all licensed premises are closed.

In that you display a commendable freedom from any nonsense about keeping them out of public-houses as a condition of accepting your hospitality.

JOHN BULL.

P.C. SLATTER,
Kenya Territory

DEAR SIR,—I have never seen a finer example of the peacemaker than you. That one white man should stop a war between two savage tribes—the Masais and the Lumbwas—by talking quietly to their chiefs is very near to being a miracle.

You reasoned with them—and they went home. Well, you have taught Geneva a lesson. Will she be able to apply it?

JOHN BULL.

PRESIDENT CHIANG KAI-SHEK,
Nankin, China

DEAR SIR,—I am heartily glad that you have escaped assassination. With you gone, the forces of disorder would have reigned supreme. You have had an appallingly difficult task, and you have done well.

Extremists, within and without China, have sought your destruction, but still you maintain the integrity of the Republic against all odds.

For the moment the clouds seem a little brighter. For the sake of China and the world, I pray that you may win.

JOHN BULL.

COLONEL GWYNNE, ***Chairman, Eastbourne Board of Guardians***

DEAR SIR,—Will you explain why your Board has shielded its late relieving officer, who has ingeniously embezzled £271 of public money?

The statement that you did not prosecute because of the culprit's excellent character and of "special circumstances in connection with his domestic affairs" won't wash.

The fact that you are also Eastbourne's chief magistrate makes the affair most unsavoury. Please ventilate it by a little wholesome plain-speaking.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BEN TURNER, O.B.E., M.P.;
Secretary for Mines

DEAR BEN, big bearded Ben, you have the floor.
Heed not the wild mine-owners as they roar!
The owner who disputes fairplay's a jewel
Is, like the thing he sells, a perfect fuel.
Give him a prod to wake him from his dreams;
Teach him that coal's not merely what it seams.
Property's property. But, by the powers,
The miners' lives mean more than mine and hours.

Buy out the mines, dear Ben; but let your plan
Be just a teeny bit republican.
If you get stung for "royalties," why then
We're crippled for a generation, Ben.
The owners ought to pay us. They have lost
Year after year. Now we shall stand the cost.
Just tell them that, Ben—the poor bankrupt bosses:
We take the mines to save them from their losses.

JOHN BULL.

Not from 2LO.—Mr. Oscar Ashe in—

QUAKES *and* QUACKS

WHEN trumpets loudly blow,
And cymbals crash,
And limelight glares, you know
That Oscar Asche
His entrance soon will make,
His lustre shed;
The very boards will quake
Beneath his tread!

If you have ever seen
Me on the stage,
Thrilled to the core you've been,
I will engage.
But please forget my share
In "Chu Chin Chow,"
And, if you've tears, prepare
To shed them now!

And, if you have indignation, prepare to let it gush forth; for something simply must be done about these American producers about whose manners I have written to the Press.

When I think of the language they use to poor, downtrodden Englishmen my flesh fairly quivers—and, as you know, my quivering area is pretty considerable.

Only the other day, as I have already touched the hearts of gentle readers by relating, an American producer—"a hulking Bowery tough, lolling in the stalls with a huge cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth"—said "——" to an English actor.

I don't know if the poor fellow burst into tears. But probably he did; for we English producers never use any expression stronger than "——," or, at the worst, "——."

Some people have laughed at my heartfelt protest, and asked if I am not big enough to look after myself. Of course I am; but then I happen to be an Australian. It is the oppressed English I am thinking of.

They can't be expected to stand up for themselves. That is why I have made a plea for "joint action"—which might take the form of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to British Bulldogs.

And I simply can't understand people who tell me that, in suggesting such a thing, I am being far more insulting to English actors than any American producer who merely calls them rude names.

Do you wonder, indeed, that my heart should bleed
For the bullied boys of the bulldog breed?
If a Yankee says "Blanky," what can one do?
A Briton would dare not reply with "Boo!"

If to anger he's stirred by a naughty word,
No Briton would venture to "give the bird"
To a bold bad man of the Bowery clan—
He's just got to bear it as best he can!

It is really no joke when our Hearts of Oak
Are made to bleed by an alien bloke!
We need to arise and organise
And *write* to the tyrant: "Dash your eyes!"

Are we not men? Then each fountain-pen
Should fly from its scabbard—what? Come on, then!
If you *must* interrupt me, say your say! . . .
H'm; perhaps it really *would* be the best way . . .
Yes, hang it all! If it comes to that,
I'll stand by you and hold your hat!

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. J. H. THOMAS: "Nothing is worse than an ignorant democracy."

Ignorant Ministers are equally bad.

* * *

REV. G. SHILLITO: "Any nation which proceeded to disarm would offer itself as a helpless victim to a world equipped for war."

Strange words from a parson. The Founder of Christianity provided a precedent.

* * *

MR. J. A. R. CAIRNS: "The lure of clothes is devastating."

But the lure of no clothes is more fashionable.

* * *

JUDGE GWYNNE-JAMES: "If a person can afford to buy a motor-car he can afford to pay an insurance premium."

Afford to! It's an investment. Motor-car insurance in the hands of a fool is the charter of dangerous driving.

READING MURDER—
sensational new facts

Mr. Wells "told his story to a policeman"

The Chief Constable of Reading, who is hopeful that the murderer will be found

TO show the need for a Home Office enquiry into certain facts, we feel justified in removing the veil from a hitherto unrevealed aspect of the recent Reading inquest.

This was the coroner's enquiry into the death of Mr. Alfred Oliver, the sixty-year-old tobacconist who was murdered in his shop on the evening of June 22 last.

The court proceedings centred chiefly around Mr. Philip Yale Drew, an actor, and the jury found that Mr. Oliver was murdered by a person or persons unknown.

With the police constantly in conference with the coroner, and a mass of vague evidence which would not have been admissible in another court being called, the inquest might have had another and unjustified result but for the last-moment appearance of a vital witness.

This witness was Mr. Alfred J. Wells, aged forty-one, a butcher.

The essential information he gave to the court—in the end it cleared suspicion from Mr. Drew—was in the possession of the police on the night of the murder—nearly twelve weeks before the inquest opened.

Yet the police did not intend to put Mr. Wells in the witness-box. In fact, they had not even told the coroner about the statement they received from him.

The stranger

It was, we have found, the earliest and by far the most exact description given to the police of a man who had been hovering suspiciously near Mr. Oliver's shop for eleven hours before the crime.

Mr. Wells had sat a foot from the stranger, studied him closely, and spoken with him.

But the description and accent given to the police were not those of Mr. Drew.

Other witnesses, the majority of whose statements were not obtained until much later, had also seen a man, and some of them had identified Mr. Drew as perhaps resembling him.

Their evidence alone was submitted to the coroner by the police.

Mr. Wells is employed at a shop opposite Mr. Oliver's. When he saw the body being removed and heard that murder had been done, he recalled the incidents of the day.

Within five minutes of the discovery of the tragedy he had told his story to a policeman. He was instructed to go at once to the police headquarters. He did so.

There he related that at 7.30 in the morning he was in a restaurant near his shop. It was a place frequented at that hour generally by people who knew each other, and the appearance of a stranger was so unusual that Mr. Wells carefully observed him and spoke to him.

In every respect the description of this man given by Mr. Wells was totally dissimilar to that of Mr. Drew.

A number of times during the day Mr. Wells saw the man near Mr. Oliver's shop, and again twenty minutes before the murder.

Missing witness

This was put by the police in the form of a statement which Mr. Wells signed, not as in the case of other indefinite witnesses weeks afterwards, but on the evening of the tragedy.

It would probably never have been known that Mr. Wells had laid this quick and definite information before the police, and he certainly would not have been produced as a witness but for the intervention of two London journalists.

They are Mr. H. de Winton Wigley, of the *Daily News*, and Mr. Bernard O'Donnell, of Allied Newspapers, two of the most experienced crime investigators on the national Press.

While making enquiries for their newspapers, they traced Mr. Wells and learned what he had communicated to the police.

Neither of them believed for a moment, of course, that a witness who had actually spoken to the stranger and whose testimony was so clear and valuable would not be called.

There was amazement among the newspaper representatives in the coroner's court when it was seen that the inquest was about to end without Mr. Wells being heard.

Very properly, in the interests of justice, Mr. O'Donnell wrote a message at the Press table and handed it to Mr. Drew's solicitor. Until that moment the solicitor was unaware of the existence of Mr. Wells or that the police had other knowledge which had not been disclosed in court.

A messenger was despatched to bring Mr. Wells to the court. He made it clear when he arrived that Mr. Drew was not the suspicious stranger.

The coroner asked in vain for proof that Mr. Wells had made a statement to the authorities immediately after Mr. Oliver's death.

The police sergeant who, Mr. Wells declared, wrote it down was summoned, and he said he could not recall anything about it. The other police officers in court looked at each other in blank ignorance.

Vindicated

There was an atmosphere in court which made it seem doubtful if Mr. Wells had been in touch with the police at all.

Then Mr. Wells described an incident concerning the Chief Constable of Reading which happened at the police-station. It could not be challenged, and proved conclusively that he had been there.

A few minutes later the signed statement of Mr. Wells was produced by the police for the first time.

It is the imperative duty of the Home Secretary to ascertain and inform the public why Mr. Wells and his statement were forgotten.

The Worst LANDLADY *in* BRITAIN

ONE of the most audacious swindles for several months has just been operated in Birmingham by a married couple known as Henry and Elizabeth Rushton.

It is impossible at the moment to say how much money is involved, for the Rushton ramifications involve a chain of six or seven big boarding establishments.

Each day fresh dupes come forward to swell the throng of creditors.

Only recently the couple advertised in a provincial paper for a capable manager to control an established business, in which he would be required to invest.

* * *

When one of our readers applied for the post, Elizabeth Rushton interviewed him at an address in London Road, Birmingham. He found her a most charming woman.

She proudly volunteered the information that she was the mother of two charming girls, who were well known on the variety stage.

Coming round to business at last, Mrs. Rushton explained that she and her husband owned a chain of up-to-date establishments known as the "Dene Boarding Houses," and she was seeking a partner whom she could trust with the management of a new house at Smethwick.

It was necessary to insist upon a cash investment, but adequate security for it would be forthcoming.

After being most punctilious about references, Mrs. Rushton suggested that the applicant would like to view the boarding-house in question, and, ordering her car, drove him to a nicely situated and well-furnished house, some short distance away.

This place would open with its full complement of guests, she said, for she employed a hundred men at Northfield in connection with a housing scheme she was financing, and all the higher officials would board there.

Although £500 was the stipulated investment, our reader could pay down only £40 on the spot, but Mrs. Rushton agreed to grant him a week or so's grace in which to find the balance.

But when the appointed day came round, the new manager could not find Mrs. Rushton or her husband. He went to the "Dene" establishment at Smethwick, and was astounded to find bailiffs in possession.

However, his loss has been confined to £40, for if a furnishing firm had not decided to seize goods for which the Rushtons had failed to pay, he would have entrusted a full £500 to the missing couple.

* * *

Others, we are sorry to say, have been less fortunate.

All kinds of "partners" have been induced to invest £500 apiece.

One by one they have discovered that little or no business was being done: that everything was on hire, and that the Rushtons are a pair of adventurers who lived on their dupes.

"We trust that Sir Charles Rafter . . . . . will catch them"

Apart from people who have been prevailed upon by the Rushtons to invest heavily, several others have parted with smaller sums.

Moreover, there are numerous business creditors who are all heavily involved for furniture, carpets, household linen and miscellaneous goods supplied on credit.

* * *

In the wake of these larger creditors come little tradespeople. Butcher, baker and candlestick-maker have all been "let in" for varying amounts, and are eager for news of the Rushtons' whereabouts.

This pair learned their "slick" business methods in America, apparently, where they resided for eight years prior to their descent upon Birmingham.

They are doubtless planning to return there with their ill-gotten gains, but we trust that Sir Charles Rafter, the Chief Constable of Birmingham, will catch them before they catch their boat.

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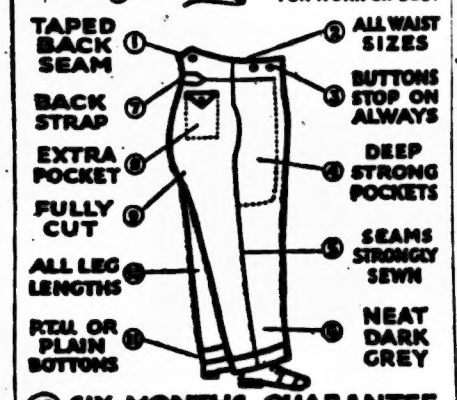

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IN

"John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 33.

Correct Solutions in Crossword Competition No. 33, were received from the following eight competitors to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £62 10s. will be dispatched.

G. H. Baxter, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon.
W. Davies, 100, Market Street, Birkenhead.
J. Denham, 101, Gourlay Street, Glasgow, E.
A. F. Gleeson, Linley, Truro Road, Ramsgate.
Miss J. Hagues, 56, Halifax Rd., Brighouse, Yorks.
W. Macintyre, 8, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh.
H. G. Stevenson, 90, Westborough, Scarborough.
Miss G. Young, 5, Ivanhoe Crescent, Sunderland.

Solutions containing two errors were received from the following 75 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving 13s. 4d.

Aldridge, H., Bath; Aldridge, Mrs. O. R., Bath Archer, Mrs. S., Lisburn; Arnott, H., Bathgate; Aspin, D. L., Crawshawbooth; Baldwin, T. P., Felpham; Birch, Mrs., Church St., N.W.8; Brenner, Mrs. M., Dundee; Buchanan, Mrs., Nr. St. Helens; Bunting, Mrs. S., Whitenbbey; Cheyne, T., Dunning, Perthshire; Cole, Mrs. A., Bath; Cope, J., Sneyd St., S.-on-T.; Edwards, C., Clifton; Elliott, B., Banstead; Elliott, C., Bromley; Flynn, T., Newton Heath; Forward, R., Wimborne; Foulds, W., Nelson; Foxall, Mrs. M., Bridgnorth; Fuggle, Mrs. E., Sevenoaks; Goodall, S., Tenterden; Haigh, W., Bradford; Handley, G., Llandovery; Hardiman, H., Copringe; Hart, R., Swindon; Hebbs, D., Kings Langley; Hodgkiss, T., Leamington; Horne, J., Withes Rd., S.-on-T.; Howes, B., West Kirby; Hoyle, F., St. Annes-on-Sea; Hulley, H., Sheffield; Humphries, J., Pontypridd; Jenkins, J., Swansea; Jepson, Miss H., Prestbury; Jones, Mrs. A., Aberavon; Jones, A., Ogmore Vale; Knowles, A., Pontardawe; Knowles, Mrs. D., Ellesmere Port; MacLeod, J., Glasgow; Martin, A., Elmore St., N.1; McClellan, Miss K., Ascot; Meikle, Mrs., Falkirk; Miles, C., Witney; Minott, Miss M., Bradford; Morgan, E., Bassein Park Rd., W.12; Morris, W., Aberavon; Mortimer, Mrs. E., Bedminster; Ollerenshaw, Miss, S. Glasgow; Packe, E. M. Shillingstone; Petty, A., Portsmouth; Phillips, F., Malmesbury; Richardson, G., Lochslip Lane, N.17; Robertson, A., Leith; Robertson, C., Wallasey; Ross, Miss M., New York St., C.-on-M.; Ramsay, Mrs. N., Denny; Sinclair, W., Belfast; Small, W., Michelmerch; Smith, A., Nr. Rotherham; Smith, Miss M., Penkirk; Smith, R., Lockerbie; Spencer, Mrs., Rochdale; Spriggs, J., Hulme; Stones, Miss D., Wakefield; Summers, O., Marston Green, B'ham; Summers, W. J., Derby; Thompson, F., Bradford; Thompson, Mrs. E., Tenby; Townsend, E., Halifax; Warren, Mr., Havard; Watton, H., Cassice Rd., S.E.6; Welch, Mrs. E., Albert Rd., N.22; Whiteside, W., Barrow-in-Furness; Worthington, F., New Mans. Hotel, W.2.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 24.

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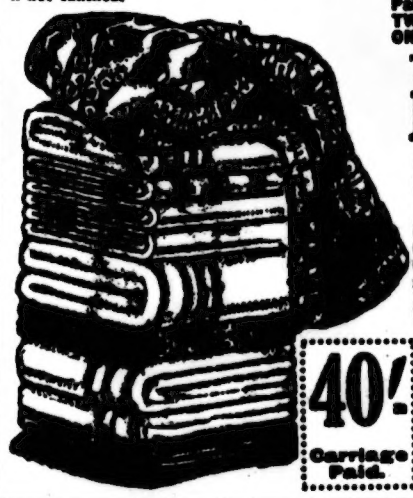

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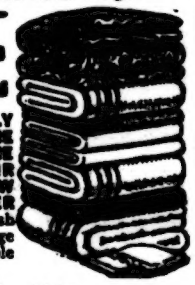

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You can stop that awful itch from Eczema or other skin disease in just two seconds. This seems too good to be true, but it is true. A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will instantly stop the most terrible itch or skin irritation. This discovery of Dr. D. Dennis has become famous throughout the world as the most wonderful and reliable remedy for skin Diseases, for it sinks deep into the pores, kills the disease germs, washes them away, and leaves the skin clean and pure. D.D.D. Prescription Cures Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg, and all other Diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It never fails to give relief. Then why delay? A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO ALL SKIN SUFFERERS WHO WRITE TO THE D.D.D. LABORATORIES, M.N.19, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A SURPRISE OFFER TO GRAMOPHONE BUYERS

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TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO, my advertisement first appeared in "John Bull." To celebrate the occasion I shall give a handsomely bound **RECORD ALBUM** and a nice selection of **RECORDS FREE OF CHARGE** to every reader who orders a Gramophone, which I send on 14 Days' Approval, Carriage Paid.

WRITE NOW FOR A FREE COPY OF MY CATALOGUE AND YOU WILL BE SURPRISED AT MY MONEY-SAVING AND ATTRACTIVE OFFERS.

Edwd. **O'Brien** LTD. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, No. 31 COVENTRY.

The

COMPETITORS' GUARDIAN

The new journal giving EXPERT ADVICE to Competitors. Writers of scores of FIRST PRIZES contribute exclusively to the "C.G."

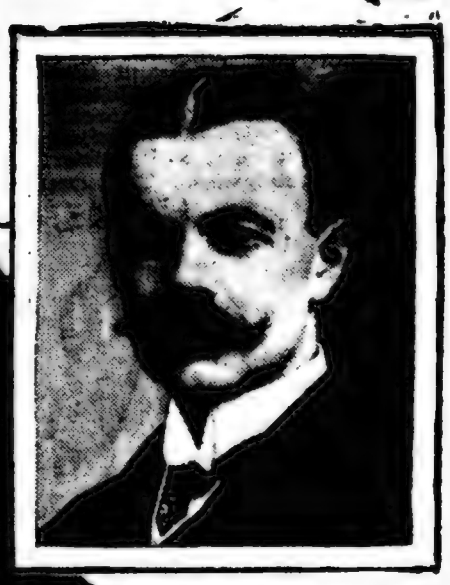
SPECIMEN COPY

FREE to "JOHN BULL" Readers. Sent on receipt of postcard to—

Competitors' Guardian,
105, Belsize Rd., London, N.W.6

SCHOOLBOY SECRETARY in a £100,000 Scandal

This is how men make bricks. East Metropolitan is not interested in this side of the business



Sir Murland de Grasse Evans, once chairman of East Metropolitan. He saw through its schemes and resigned

THE theory that this is an age when the young man should be given his chance in "big business" has achieved considerable popularity, but we doubt if even its most ardent advocate would applaud the following example of the theory worked out in practice.

It involves a lad living at Wanstead, who, at the age of fifteen and a half, used to look wistfully at the inspiring posters of the Royal Air Force, thinking how pleasant it would be to "travel and see the world for nothing."

But he was not allowed to dream in this way, for there descended upon him one, William Trevelyan, a close friend of the boy's brother-in-law, Mr. Wilfrid L. David, who assured the lad that he was destined for higher things.

Taking him to his office in Chancery Lane, London, Mr. Trevelyan created him "secretary" of the Provident Co-operative Finance Trust, Ltd., and of the Associated Industries Trust.

Glorious pomp

Soon the young lad was busy signing documents which, if their nature escaped his intelligence, were undoubtedly of supreme importance.

If anything marred the glory and pomp of his secretarial posts, it could only be the fact that his salary was hardly commensurate with his responsible duties. It was 15s. a week.

Meanwhile, all was bustle and bustle at Chancery Lane. The Provident Co-operative Finance Trust, Ltd., with resources of exactly £511, was brought into existence to underwrite the public issue of a concern called East Metropolitan Brickworks, Ltd., for £130,000.

As commission for underwriting this company, which, of course, it was never in a position to do, it received £5,000, while under the heading "Promotion charges" it pocketed £11,500.

On the files at Somerset House the boy's signature appears against the seal of East Metropolitan Brickworks, Ltd., on a contract made with Mr. Wilfrid David for the purchase of certain brickworks at Walthamstow, Essex.

All the documents at the Friendly Society's Registry relating to the involved transactions of the Provident Co-operative Finance Trust are signed by him as secretary.

Cheques signed

On the instructions of Mr. William Trevelyan, the boy also signed the cheques of the Finance Trust, and endorsed the cheques received by it from the East Metropolitan Brickworks, Ltd.

By degrees the maze of figures and documents with which the boy found himself surrounded began to convey the impression that all was not well.

He asked awkward questions, so his secretarial services were dispensed with, and Trevelyan advised him to join the Royal Air Force.

The story does not end there.

We have a mass of evidence to show that this lad has been shamefully used as the tool of a clique of rotten financiers.

William Trevelyan is actually an ex-solicitor, who, in the name of Thomson, served a sentence of seven years' penal servitude for forgery.

He was actively associated with Wilfrid L. David in the promotion of East Metropolitan Brickworks, the firm of alleged underwriters, the Provident Co-operative Finance Trust, Ltd., being registered as a friendly society and not under the Companies Acts.

The Finance Trust has now defaulted to the tune of £100,000, and is being conveniently wound-up.

David, who sold the brickworks property to East Metropolitan Brickworks, Ltd., for £15,000, and officiated as managing director, gave his official address as Buckingham Road, Wanstead.

Actually he lives at Buckhurst Hill, Essex, and the false address he gave to the public was that of one of his former employees.

So far as the brickworks venture is concerned, it went to the public for money, displaying a contract with one of the largest firms of builders' merchants in Britain.

This contract provided for the disposal of the company's output of 22,000,000 bricks a year for three years, and a better inducement to investors could not be conceived.

Unfortunately, these merchants are still awaiting delivery.

Writs flowed into the brickworks, and even the engineers who supplied the plant are still waiting completion of payment.

Mineral humbug

One interesting individual who has busied himself with the affairs of East Metropolitan Brickworks, Ltd., but whose name has been discreetly omitted from its documents, is Mr. Thomas Stocken.

He is a financial humbug, and he and David have long proved a dangerous pair in the quest for minerals and money.

Almost everything they have touched has been rotten, and the public has had cause to rue the birth of a host of companies with which they have been associated.

Among the unholy group was the Building Brick and Slab Company, which previously occupied the self-same land that David sold to the East Metropolitan concern!

The property at Walthamstow consists to-day of fifteen acres of desolate, weed-covered clay lands, a dismal cemetery of the savings of those misguided souls who have sunk money in the scheme.

Travelling SWEEPSTAKE TRICKSTER

RECENTLY, a woman who keeps a small fruiterer's shop in Boston, Lincs, was visited by a smartly-dressed stranger, who said he was a private detective employed by a Sunday newspaper.

He was finding it difficult, he explained, to trace a prize-winner in one of the paper's competitions.

The shopkeeper could not call to mind anyone in the neighbourhood who tallied with her caller's description.

So the visitor thanked her politely and asked, in passing, whether she ever thought of entering for the big prize-competitions herself.

Having thus interested his listener, the stranger, who gave his name as Ernest Charles Harvey, agreed to let her have a half-share in a sweepstake ticket, and was paid £5 10s. on the spot.

He returned a week later in a state of great excitement to congratulate the shopkeeper upon her good fortune, assuring her that the ticket had proved a winning one, and that her share would amount to £500.

The gentleman who dealt with such accounts for the newspaper in question would be calling on the following day, he declared, and would then hand the prize-winner her cheque.

In departing, Mr. Harvey jestingly asked the shopkeeper whether she would care to try her luck again, as a similar sweepstake was being organised for the ensuing week. The lady agreed, and paid a further £5 10s. for another "half-share."

Since then she has heard no more. The promised cheque never arrived. Not unnaturally—for Harvey is an impostor who has duped numerous people in a similar fashion. Watch out for him.

Pigeon-Plucking by POST

A PROSPEROUS-LOOKING man named F. Cooper recently rented a bungalow at Copster Green, Blackburn. Introducing himself as a poultry-dealer with a big business at Bournemouth, he said that he was anxious to extend his activities to the Midlands.

He had not been at Copster Green long before he began to advertise in Midland newspapers, announcing that he had bargains to offer in the way of goslings and other poultry.

* * *

One reader of such an advertisement sent him an order to the value of about £7, and enclosed his cheque therewith to show good faith. This was cleared through the bank, but as time passed and the promised poultry did not arrive, he wrote for an explanation.

At first his letters were ignored, but eventually one communication came back through the post-office, inscribed "Gone away."

Enquiries on the spot show that this man is not an isolated victim, and that Cooper has worked a carefully conceived swindle on a considerable scale.

At no time during his brief stay at Copster Green was any poultry seen about his bungalow; yet Cooper received a great deal of correspondence and was constantly changing money-orders and postal-orders at post-offices in the district.

* * *

The bungalow, which he left in a hurry, was found littered with letters of protest from all parts of the country, while a grate was choked with the ashes of other correspondence which he had thought it prudent to burn.

Cooper is a dapper fellow of fifty or so, who, throughout his stay at Copster Green, wore an eyeshade. We trust he will soon be lodged somewhere where he will be able to give both his eyes a rest.

6/- WITH ORDER

THIS lovely Winter Coat in fine quality Faced Cloth with Beaver Coney Collar and Cuffs is beautifully tailored and finished.

On Easy Terms. PRICE 45/-

'WISH' This is the very latest fashion in Winter Wraps, and it is as good in Quality and Make as it is in appearance. Produced in fine quality Faced Cloth, it is trimmed with bolster collar and sumptuous new-shaped cuffs of Beaver Coney Fur, and richly lined with handsome artificial silk brocade. The sides are slightly shaped and trimmed with smartly designed side-panels with pieces of self-materials reversed and neatly inlaid. Knife pleats trim either side from the hips downwards.

Shades: Mulberry Brown, Rifle Green, Light Navy; & Black.

Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. and O.S. Lengths: 38 to 46ins. Price 45/-

Larger sizes & longer lengths slightly extra.

TERMS. Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 6/- now and complete purchase in 6 monthly payments of 6/6 if satisfied. Full approval in your own home.

WHEN ORDERING be sure to state the correct Size, Length and Colour required, and give your Bust measurement.

FASHION ALBUM POST FREE

WRITE for the Graves Range of Fashionable Styles in Coats, Two and Three Piece Suits, Costumes, Frocks, &c. **Patterns Post Free.** State Patterns required. Keenest Prices, and on Easy Payment Terms.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS POST FREE.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE

Graves 'Vulcan' 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Value & Efficiency

LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN WIRELESS SCIENCE.

Even if you are only a beginner, this magnificent installation will enable you to start where others leave off; or if you are an experienced wireless operator, this superb set will give you a thrill of interest which you have never had before, and a sense of power and command over the mysterious forces of the ether which will positively astonish and fascinate you.

DO NOT LET THE LOW BARGAIN PRICE MISLEAD YOU

into thinking that this is a cheap production. On the contrary, every component is of first-rate quality, and the whole production is worth many pounds more than the price we ask. The Graves principle of business stands for Highest Quality, Lowest Price, Easiest Terms, and Immense Sales.

10/6 NOW

TERMS: Our Inclusive Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in 14 Monthly Payments of 10/6 if satisfied after trying Outfit in your home. Money back if disappointed

BRIEF SPECIFICATION The Cabinet is of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid so that all internal parts (including valves) are easily accessible. Dull Emitter Detector and Power Valves of proved efficiency, with anti-microphonic valve holders. No coils to change. Latest type H.T. Battery; efficient 2-volt Accumulator, and complete Aerial Outfit. Cost of upkeep is negligible. **The LOUD SPEAKER** (illustrated below) is of exclusive design Cabinet Type in Oak to match the Set. Finest tone and wide range of musical frequencies, the Unit being of the 'four pole' balanced armature type, with a large magnet, ensuring perfect reproduction. **Price complete and Carriage Paid £7.17.6**

ANOTHER BARGAIN

THE GRAVES SCREENED GRID 3-VALVE SET

Complete in every particular. Wonderful range & amazingly good reception. Exclusive Oak Cabinet & Cabinet Loud Speaker, and all components of the highest quality. Carriage Paid £12:15

TERMS: 15/- with Order, and 15/- Monthly.

WRITE FOR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

Fullest Particulars and detailed specifications: also the newest types of dependable Portable Sets, and other varieties of high-class Receiving Apparatus.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

BLANFORD'S MARVELLOUS OFFER OF VELVETEEN FROCKS for 1/- DOWN

Thousands of frocks made of this quality Velveteen were sold last year, and every purchaser was highly delighted.

This year we are using the same material, in up-to-date original styles. The wear of this Velveteen has been thoroughly tested, and can be guaranteed to give every satisfaction.

This beautiful chiffon finish Velveteen Frock, with Calais lace collar and cuffs, ornamental buttons, best silk piping, belt all round, cut by experts, and made in our own workrooms. Made up in Navy Blue, Black, Almond Green, Mid Brown, Walnut and Wine. Price 23/11, honestly worth 35/11. O.S. 26/11.

Every Frock is a model, let us send you one on seven days' approval. If you are not satisfied, return it, and we will refund your deposit.

Let us have your bust measure, length and colour required. Send 1/- (no further payment required until you have had the Frock one month), and agree to pay 4/- per month. Special terms arranged for customers who already have an account with us.

Price 23/11

"Big Value Blanford"

Hundreds of letters received from satisfied customers. Many write to say they had no idea they could get such good value for credit.

John Blanford Ltd. Dept. J.B.E.

118-129, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that relieves Rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Relief, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon.

BROOKS APPLIANCE Co. Ltd.

(468J), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(468J), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Relief of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

Please write plainly .....

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

TOFFEE SHARP'S FOR PERFECT FLAVOUR

GRAMOPHONE AND RECORDS

(Any number of Records you choose) SENT FOR 1/9 WEEKLY

Every reader of "John Bull" who writes for my **FREE GRAMOPHONE CATALOGUE** within Seven Days, will receive a **BEAUTIFUL BOUND ALBUM** and **NEW RECORDS FREE OF CHARGE** with any Gramophone, which I send on 14 Days' Approval, Carriage Paid. Lowest easy payment terms. Testimonials from everywhere.

WRITE NOW AND SEE THE WONDERFUL OFFERS I AM MAKING.

Chas. T. Robey Ltd. THE WORLD'S PROVIDER FOR 3 COVENTRY.

ENGINEERS CONSIDER THIS MAGNIFICENT RECORD

86% OF OUR STUDENTS PASS AT FIRST ATTEMPT

If 86 out of every 100 ordinary men can succeed—why should you remain in the ranks?

We alone guarantee "NO PASS—NO FEE."

Our handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES," explains the most simple and successful home-study method of passing:—A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.A.C.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.STRUCT.E., C. and G., G.P.O., Matric., etc., Exams. The book outlines courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, & Wireless Engineering, and includes a brilliant Foreword by PROFESSOR A. M. LOW.

Send for this FREE BOOK—NOW. (Mention subject or exam.)

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, 29-31, Oxford Street, W.1.

BAR-WORKER VICTIMS of bogus TRADE UNION Ramp

The man—or girl—behind the bar does not find life a bed of roses. But this "Union" cannot make his life any happier

UNLIKE most workers, the men and women who earn their living in public-houses have no trade union to safeguard their interests.

A champion has now arisen, however, on behalf of the army of barmaids, barmen, cellarmen, potmen, waitresses, waiters and chefs. He announces that his career will be devoted to saving them from unfair conditions and sweated wages.

This public-house benefactor is Mr. W. Hewitson, of 46, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, London.

He has established himself at this address as general secretary of a "non-political" and "non-sectarian" organisation, which he calls the "National Barworkers' Union and Protection Association."

The literature which he circulates to attract members brims with sentiment. In places Hewitson expresses himself in positively soulful language.

While deploring the fact that bartenders work long hours for low wages, and are always at the mercy and moods of their employers, Hewitson claims that he can end their drudgery and despair.

The National Barworkers' Union and Protection Association is, he asserts, a "sure shield against poverty, misery, worry and perhaps worse."

It will leave no stone unturned to secure justice for all; it will demand proper wages; it will employ legal aid where necessary; it will expose harsh treatment; it will introduce pensions at sixty-five; it will organise cheap holiday tours; fight against inferior food and lodging—all to bring about "a bright and happy mind and a contented future" for its members.

These pay an entrance-fee of half a crown, and undertake to pay a similar sum every other week in order to qualify for Hewitson's promised shower of blessings.

Don't pay out!

On the face of it, this association appears an admirable institution. But many facts have come to our notice which indicate that Hewitson and his creation are not reliable repositories for barmaids' very hard-earned half-crowns.

In the first place, Hewitson has not restricted himself to raising funds from membership fees. He has also obtained cash investments from people by offering them lucrative executive posts with his union.

One man came into touch with Hewitson through an advertisement calling for employee-investors.

He received an enthusiastic lecture on the union's great work, in the course of which Hewitson confidently estimated that the membership-roll would soon number something like 45,000.

The position of union area manager for an important district was offered to this man, who was promised a good salary provided he invested money as security, and as a sign that his heart and soul would be in the work.

Interest would be paid on this sum, though, and it would be returnable at short notice.

Impressive manner

Mr. Hewitson, who possesses a most impressive manner, soon induced his caller to believe that he was genuinely intent upon smoothing the path of the slave-driven toiler.

But, once the money had changed hands, the new area manager found that there was little work to be done, and that Hewitson had given an entirely false impression of the true position.

For some time this investor tried to recover his deposit. Finally, convinced that his chances of so doing were small, he reported his experience to Scotland Yard.

This "union" is not the first venture by which Hewitson has found means of parting unemployed men from their savings.

A previous scheme, operated by him some time ago from an address in Hampstead Road, London, N.W., was called the Mutual Business Transfer Agency.

Used as a cloak

In spite of its high-sounding name, it was nothing more than a trading cloak for Hewitson, who advertised attractive vacancies, a feature of which was a "returnable" investment of £100 or more.

Several workless men were thus put in touch with a builder in the East End, who turned out to be an ex-convict, running an entirely fraudulent business. All lost their investments and the bogus builder returned to jail.

In another instance, Hewitson put several unemployed men, whose money was similarly secured through attractive advertisements, in touch with a notorious bankrupt who professed to own a number of fish-shops in various parts of London.

The victims were given worthless posts and lost everything.

Caterers and publicans are excellently organised. Their professional societies should quickly stop Hewitson's bogus association, and so prevent the employees of the two trades being victimised.

OZANNE *from the Channel Islands*

I AM not exaggerating when I say that the greater part of my post-bag has lately been devoted to financial queries.

Many readers, in particular, have written me about a company known as New South Wales Coalfields, Ltd. This concern requires a general manager, to whom it offers a salary of £2,500 plus a share of the company's profits.

This much it has disclosed in advertisements inviting application to the Southern Commercial Corporation, Ltd., of 59, Gresham Street, London, E.C.; but behind this announcement lies a very singular story.

* * *

One man who applied for the post was asked whether he would be prepared to take up £500 worth of fully-paid shares in New South Wales Coalfields, Ltd., providing he was granted a five years' agreement.

He agreed to the stipulation. Shortly afterwards, however, the Southern Commercial Corporation, Ltd., sent him an even odder proposal in a letter.

The Corporation realised that it would not benefit at all by arranging appointments with New South Wales Coalfields, Ltd., if the people appointed took up shares in that concern.

As an alternative, therefore, each chief official appointed to the New South Wales venture should pay a fee to the other concern.

The applicant was now asked whether he would be prepared to pay the Corporation £250 instead of purchasing £500 worth of shares in the New South Wales Coalfields, Ltd.

The letter concluded by requesting the applicant to forward half the necessary fee, £125, as soon as he had come to a decision.

The man who received this letter replied that his record, together with the references he had supplied, ought to be sufficient to enable the company to decide whether it wanted him or not. The result was that a day or two later he received word that the appointment had been filled.

I am not surprised that the Corporation should put money before merit,

Weekly Informations from

Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS

for an examination of the prospectus of New South Wales Coalfields, Ltd., reveals at once to me a number of disturbing facts.

In the first place, it tells me that the company is "to be incorporated," and that its principal object is "to acquire" certain mining rights in New South Wales.

Yet, in the face of this proof that everything 's in the air, I find a loose leaflet accompanies the prospectus, giving a "map of the acquired property."

Much importance is attached to a report from a consulting engineer of New South Wales.

But many people glancing through the report, which is printed in full, would fail to observe from the small type in which the date appears that it *was made in 1904!*

Under the heading, "Estimated profits and dividends," the directors "feel that it would not be politic at this stage to give an estimate of the company's profits."

* * *

This, I venture to suggest, is not bad in view of the fact that the company has yet "to be incorporated"!

Its capital, by the way, is to be underwritten by the Southern Commercial Corporation, Ltd.; but although this concern boasts an office in the heart of the City of London, no particulars are available regarding it at Somerset House, and its head office is at 5, Court Row, Guernsey.

* * *

This is the same address as that of a notorious company promoter, J. C. Ozanne; and I find that he has been mentioned in these columns more than once in connection with his activities.

One of his companies, which was also housed at 5, Court Row, Guernsey, took £750,000 from the public, for which no return was shown.

When all the money had gone, Ozanne expressed the opinion that it was useless to continue the company's existence further, and begged leave to resign his responsible post.

In these circumstances, I need say no more.

SHEER WEIGHT OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT DR. CASSELL'S ARE THE MOST EFFECTIVE OF TONICS

Nothing could be more convincing than the results—typical of thousands—published in the adjoining table. They *may* prove that Cassell's are superior to other remedies; but they prove first and foremost that Cassell's CAN conquer nerve and digestive troubles SUCCESSFULLY. In every case the patient got absolutely well. In fact this table is

DR CASSELL'S TABLETS
"WE GUARANTEE the purity, safety, and medicinal activity of Cassell's Tablets. They may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation, and are a curative agent wherever all disorders consequent on a devitalised condition of the nerve centres may be satisfactorily treated"—on every Cassell's carton.

A CASSELL'S CHALLENGE TO ILL-HEALTH

In the face of this table nobody who is neurasthenic or suffers from indigestion can believe they are incurable . . . Have they tried Cassell's? Cassell's are a scientific system of nourishment comprising Hypophosphites, Digestive Enzymes, Stomachics and Blood Nutrients: which cannot fail to do good; and cannot possibly do harm. A tonic proved completely effective in thousands of cases similar to yours.

Testifiers tell in their own words how QUICKLY and how SURELY Cassell's Tablets made them well.

Name	*First Results*	*Ultimate Results*
CASSELL'S TABLETS FOR NEURASTHENIA		
Mrs. A. B. ★	"After second bottle noticed improvement"	"Quite cured. Now in best of health"
Mrs. E. L. E. ★	"Soothed my nerves in half-an-hour"	"Now eat and sleep well and am putting on weight"
Mrs. N. F. K. ★	"Began to eat and enjoy food . . . sleep soundly"	". . . put new nerves in my body, and have cured me"
Mr. F. J. S. ★	"Began to improve and eat better"	"Now in the pink . . . rapid cure unbelievable"
Mrs. E. M. H. ★	"Effect of first box so marked continued taking them"	"Now full of energy. Never felt fitter in my life"
CASSELL'S TABLETS FOR INDIGESTION		
Mrs. C. R. ...	"My health began to improve almost from the first dose. I could eat, sleep, and appetite improved"	"Now really well and strong"
Mr. C. ★ ...	"After only one box I already felt a different man"	"I can now eat anything and enjoy it"
Mr. J. V. ★ ...	"Pain and wind ceased . . . I could eat, sleep well, etc.	"Now feel in the pink of condition"
Miss D. McH. ★	"First box cured"	"Quite cured"
Mr. J. J. R. ★	". . . derived great benefit from first box"	"Fourth large box completely cured . . . in the pink ever since"
CASSELL'S FOR ANÆMIA, INSOMNIA, ETC.		
Mrs. L. M. H. ★	*Weakness*—"Result was immediate."	"Steadily improved; now in perfect health"
Mrs. J. M. M.	*Anæmia*—"After a few days, lassitude disappeared."	"Now enjoy good health"
Miss G. P. ★ ...	*Frequent Headaches*—"First bottle brought relief"	"Now quite free from head pains"
Mrs. P. ★ ...	*Insomnia*—"Slept well, nerves steadier."	"A different being"
Mrs. S. ★ ...	*Neuritis*—"First few doses gave great relief"	"After the first box able to get up and start work"

★ *Tried other remedies or was unsuccessfully treated.*

CASSELL'S TABLETS

HANG *the Mayor!*

says A. G. GARDINER

IN a few days every city and town in the country that rejoices in the possession of a municipal charter will be swapping horses. "His Worship the Mayor is dead: long live his Worship the Mayor!" will be the refrain.

There will be the customary pomp and vanity of these occasions—processions to church in robes and gold chains, flatulent leave-takings of the old Mayor or Provost and flatulent welcomes to the new.

And here in London a circus that would be a proper appendage to Barnum's Show will meander through the busiest streets at infinite cost to the business community.

It is time that we asked ourselves a few plain questions about this mediæval flummery.

We hear much of rationalisation as the cure for our industrial ills. Is the coal trade in the doldrums? Then it must be rationalised. Is the cotton trade going to the dogs? Let us rationalise it into a gallop.

But rationalisation should not stop at industry. It should be applied to the machinery of government—especially town and city government. This machinery is thick with the dust of ages. It is clumsy, antiquated, inefficient.

Bumble's cocked-hat

In the City of London, where we might expect to have the model Corporation, we have instead a system of government that belongs to the Middle Ages, and, like a Bumble in cocked hat and gold braid, blocks the whole movement of the modern world.

London is the most incomprehensible jumble of local government in the world, and it is the obstinate selfishness and incompetence of the City that are responsible.

If the citizens of London realised the price they pay for all that is involved in the childish circus that will parade their streets a few days hence, they would hiss it off the scene.

Our Municipalities are as pompous, cumbrous and out of date as this London Lord Mayor's gilt-gingerbread coach

I am not criticising the present Lord Mayor or his successor. They are, I believe, both excellent men. But they are the victims of a crazy, outworn system, right enough in the days of Dick Whittington, but an insult and an offence in our own.

It needs a Samson in the seat of the Lord Mayor to pull the pillars of their moth-eaten and ridiculous system to the ground.

But if the City Corporation is the most glaring example of municipal inefficiency, it does not stand alone. It is the worst, because it is the one unreformed Corporation left in the country.

But no one can be familiar with municipal activities generally without realising that something is radically wrong with local government, not in London only, but in all parts of the country.

It is ceasing to attract the best class of citizen to its service, and is becoming increasingly the happy hunting-ground of people with axes to grind, ambitions to serve and jobs to promote.

There is in most towns a "municipal set" who keep their hands on the offices, not always in the public interest, and not seldom in their own.

Partly this is due to the indifference of the public to their own concerns; still more, I think, to the growing demands which local government makes on the time of those who engage in it.

The complexity of modern life and the multiplicity of functions falling on the local administration make municipal work almost an all-time job.

The result is that it is often only those who can get some advantage out of it who find it is worth their while to devote themselves to it. In any case, the standard of service has very visibly deteriorated in the last quarter of a century.

Moreover, the machine is inefficient and cumbersome. There is no instructed leadership, no executive head trained in town government who can give a permanent direction and inspiration to policy.

Amateur ornaments

The mayor flits into the chair and flits out again, to be succeeded by another bird of passage. His functions are largely ornamental, and he is not expected to know anything about city management. He is an amateur among amateurs.

Nor is there any official equipped with the expert knowledge that would supply the deficiency. The town clerk is almost invariably a lawyer, whose business is simply to give legal form to the decisions of the city or town council, and to keep the records of its proceedings.

There are electrical engineers and gas engineers and water engineers, each with his separate executive job. But there is no one whose task it is to think of the development of the town as a whole and to plan the layout of the estate for the future. All is hand-to-mouth expedient and makeshift.

It is this absence of a co-ordinating and instructed leadership which distinguishes our English system of local government from that of Germany or America.

No one with any knowledge of Germany needs to be told of the astonishing efficiency and enlightenment of city government in that country. It is a land of beautiful cities, and the secret is in management.

In place of our amateur, transitory mayor, each city has at its head an Ober-Burgomeister, an official trained in city management, highly paid and permanently employed.

He is not a dictator, but he is an inspirer, a city statesman, a sort of local Prime Minister, invested with great executive powers, but subject, of course, in vital matters, to the decision of his council.

City managers

Somewhat similar is the American method of appointing a high-salaried city manager, who has spent all his life studying municipal executive functions.

He is not a despot, for he is answerable to the mayor and aldermen, who settle the policy and leave him to execute it, calling for a monthly account of his stewardship, and investigating all complaints that may be made against him.

His only interest is the enhancement of his city, for on that his own prestige and personal success depend.

Both these systems are based on the principle that city government, like the management of any other concern, is a business matter, in which expert knowledge is the first consideration.

It is that principle which we should incorporate in our own local government system. We need brains and business training in the management of a city as much as in the management of a factory.

Not a pastime

And with the enormous complexity of modern town life, the reliance upon entirely amateur administration becomes increasingly impossible. City government is a science, not a pastime, and our mayors should be not the local grocer, tailor or brewer, but a skilled administrator, inspiring and subject to the elected authority.

"One of the most gifted"

Foundations

Homely Wisdom by the Rev.

R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

FATHER VERNON JOHNSON, one of the most gifted preachers in the Church of England, has lately joined the Church of Rome.

I mention the fact because of one reason given by this clergyman for his change of communion.

He sees, or thinks he sees, a deterioration in morals in Western civilisation in general and our country in particular, and fears that the Churches are doing little to stem the tide of paganism.

Distinguished critics of our time, who are far from sharing Father Vernon's views of Churchmanship, tend to agree with him about the trend of present-day manners and beliefs.

DEAN INGE says religion has become secularised, and wonders how men can be brought back to thinking more about their souls and less about their pockets.

Bertrand Russell says industrialism and atheism go together, and he seems glad of it. The sooner religion dies, he avows, the better for human progress.

John Galsworthy states that the chief reason for the determination exhibited by so many people to-day to pursue pleasure without regard to duty is that they are no longer sure of the future, either in this world or any other. Their philosophy is summed up in the ancient saying: "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

On the whole, my opinion of the situation chimes with that of Mr. Galsworthy, though I do not believe that the rising generation is morally decadent. Individuals may be, but the heart of the majority is sound.

The chief trouble with us to-day is that most people are no longer able to take for granted as easily as their forefathers did the existence of God or the devil, heaven or hell. They seldom deny, but many would hesitate to affirm with confidence that such beliefs are beyond doubt.

AS a daily paper has recently said, the average man now concentrates interest on earthly life because he has no clear certainty that he will survive it.

Some observers of the signs of the times would say this does not matter, but I think they are wrong. It does matter, because loss of faith in God and immortality must rob our ideals of a certain amount of driving force.

It is one thing to believe in a good that is of this world only, and quite another to believe in a good that is eternal.

If you only believe in the former you restrict your vision and damp your energies. If you believe in the latter you enlarge and elevate them.

Faith in the living God carries with it faith in one another, and in the making of a better world for those who come after us. It gives comfort in sorrow and calm amid strife.

Poisoned finger

Doctor's praise for wonderful new ointment

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"In an exceedingly bad case of poisoned finger verging on gangrene, treatment twice a day with Staniform effected cure in 10 days with no subsequent stiffness of joint."

Staniform Brand Ointment SOOTHES and HEALS immediately and prevents consequences in cases of BURNS, ABRASIONS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, and all skin ailments.

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2 White Fleecy Blankets of superb quality Whipped edges. Size 63 x 90ins. weight 8½lbs pair.
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Post us your remittance for 30/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

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CORNS

Just a packet of Reudel Bath Saltrates, a basin of hot water and ten minutes of your time. That is all you need.

Dissolve a small handful of this in a basin of hot water; rest the feet in it and you will be delighted to feel the effects of this *medicated* and *oxygenated* water; it draws and loosens that corn so that you can pick it right out with the tips of the fingers, root and all. Have a go at it to-night. Perhaps you have callouses. They can be scraped right off with the dull edge of a knife.

RAPID — EFFICIENT — SAFE

Always Reliable

For fifteen years Reudel Bath Saltrates has stood the test of practical use, being by far the most widely used preparation for medicating and oxygenating water. It was the first preparation ever produced to accomplish this purpose, and is still first to-day for quality and efficiency. Costs you nothing to try. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results your money will be refunded immediately and without question.

There is only ONE Bath SALTRATES

1/6 REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

Delivered for 9/-

THIS magnificent gramophone with 10 double sided records will be delivered free to your home on receipt of 9/-. Hand Carved oak cabinet, stands 38" high, has double spring motor, runs 8 minutes. Latest crystal clear and loud toned sound box. Many other models to choose from including all H.M.V. 'Columbia' etc. Portables, Table Grands, Cabinets. All on easy terms. Write for full Catalogues No 45 All H.M.V. records stocked

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Never heard about celery for Rheumatism? Ask your doctor. Each Fuller's Celery Forte (small and easy to take) contains the medicinal powers of 20 lbs. of fresh golden celery. 2/- or 5/- from Boots or any Chemist or direct by post on £/60 money-back guarantee from Prof. Fuller, 1, Cruciform Friars, London, E.C.4.

When applying to Advertisers' offers, always give name and full postal address.

The J.B. GUARANTEE appears on page 12.

BOYS *versus* DEATH

in the Great International

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Young French recruits salute a shot-tattered flag of the Great War. This is how France combats the growing hatred of conscription

THE near approach of another Armistice Day may well make us ask yet again, "What was it all for?"

"One of the greatest tragedies of the war," wrote a British officer in 1916, "is to see the idealist laying down his life for a peace that is to be arranged by the materialists."

Have the materialists triumphed? We might be tempted to think so as we survey post-war Europe, worse torn even than by dissension, sullenly suspicious, burdened beneath useless armaments.

And yet I dare to say that the idealist and not the materialist is winning the fight.

The greatest tragedy of peace is that it has no glory and no publicity. The world does not know what is going on in the world—but it is going on, nevertheless.

There is, for instance, a young Frenchman who has just left his motherland rather than be a conscript. Before he went into voluntary exile he addressed a letter to the Minister for War.

"There may have been a time," he said, "a long time ago, when the craft of arms was justified by the necessity of defence against barbarians. At the present level of civilisation, however, this is no longer justifiable.

"It has no longer any meaning, and I refuse to bear arms in order to learn how to kill my fellows, although they speak a foreign language.

"France has signed a Pact outlawing war, but simultaneously you pursue armaments with great zeal. Your official science encourages research work for the destruction of humanity. . . . I obey my conscience and decline to follow your laws and regulations.

"I therefore put the necessary distance between you and myself, so that on a more hospitable soil I may quietly live and hope for better days when the word 'Fraternity' will no longer be written in France only on the front of your buildings."

Fourteen-years hell

That is only one instance. There was a French boy of twenty-two who, in 1915, refused to serve in the French Army. He was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment and seven years' banishment in the convict settlement of French Guiana.

This is an extract from a letter he recently wrote to some friends in England:

"I write you from the convict prison at Cayenne. I am here for having said aloud what people thought to themselves; and for having said fourteen years before M. Briand and Mr. Kellogg that war is a crime and that we must banish this scourge of humanity.

"Can you picture the convict prison? Its painful life? I have known all—fever, dysentery, irons on the hands, irons on the feet, insults and threats, hunger, thirst and sleeplessness.

"I have lived here unvanquished. Indeed, I have become stronger every day, ready to take up again the fight for the social problem which still remains to be solved—to drive war out of the world, out of the law."

All the heroes of the war did not receive the Croix de Guerre!

Victorious mother

I have just received a list of twenty-two young Swiss who have refused to undertake military service and who have all been sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment and loss of civic rights.

One of these, Reymond Bertholet, was accompanied by his mother when the Geneva District Court pronounced his sentence. Every mother in the world should read her words to his judges, and, reading, should remember what M. Briand said at the recent Assembly of the League of Nations.

"I rejoice in the action of my son," she said proudly. "His 'crime' gives me the greatest possible satisfaction as a mother. It is I who led him astray. I brought him up in love for and trust in God.

"And I hoped. . . . To-day my hope is fulfilled. It is I who should be judged by you, not my son. I am the guilty one, his mother."

And M. Briand? In one of those lightning flashes of revelation that come sometimes even to statesmen and diplomatists, he said:

"There are those who do not seem to believe in the perpetual pacification of the nations; and the League of Nations, which exercises supervision over the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs, should also keep an eye on these attempts to poison the uprising generation, and keep an eye upon those who systematically instil these ideas into the minds of small children and thus sow the germs of mutual war.

"I must describe these men as abominable criminals who should be pursued and have the poison drawn out of their hands.

"In this connection the League should appeal to the women. It is they who have to defend their homes against this poison, because it is they who are the first victims of war."

The Human Machine

"AGE is not all Decay"

TO grow old is not necessarily to grow useless. The Poet-Laureate is to have a new book of verses published just after his eighty-fifth birthday. That should make a good many people ashamed who are too fond of making age an excuse for idleness.

It is never too late to do something, and age has one advantage over youth—it has experience. Age, in fact, is only opportunity in a new disguise.

There are plenty of examples of what age can accomplish. Tennyson corrected the proofs of one of his best poems on his death-bed at the age of eighty-three; Victor Hugo published his last novel at the age of eighty. Mrs. Haldane was ninety-three when she wrote a hymn on the conclusion of the Armistice.

There is no need to be either sad or pessimistic because youth has gone. The end of youth is only the dawn of a riper time when knowledge and experience can become keen-edged tools. If youth drives the world, age guides it. If you feel depressed because the enthusiasm and exuberance of youth have left you, remember that.

Besides, if a man has kept his body fit, his age is largely in his mind. "To be seventy years young," said Oliver Wendell Holmes on his seventieth birthday, "is far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

Hope! That is the key to age just as much as to youth. No one is old if hope and aspiration are still alive. If you can go on believing that "the best is yet to be" you will always remain young.

Let us pass on to Holland. An average of twenty youngsters are constantly in prison rather than serve their term in the Army. Two have lately died there, and a third, after five months of solitary confinement in a cell that had been condemned as unhygienic, went insane and had to be sent to an asylum.

In Russia and in the Polish Ukraine there is the same tale to be told, and all round the world there is a growing list of modern martyrs who are not to be turned, even by death itself, from their convictions.

Leaven is working

Despite all the materialists can do, the leaven of the idealists is working.

Even in Esthonia! There an officer, called up for his military manœuvres, joined his regiment, but refused to bear arms.

He declared to his judges that he could no longer take life or carry instruments of murder. He is to-day serving a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment rather than violate his conscience.

Recently a farmer in the South of France undertook to discover what the inhabitants of five villages in his district really thought about this question.

With the permission of the respective mayors, he distributed a voting-paper headed by an appeal against conscription and war.

He demanded a precise "Yes" or "No" to the question: "Are you in favour of the complete abolition of armaments, so that there will be no more wars and so that the differences between nations can be settled by arbitration?"

Ninety per cent. of those asked declared in favour of immediate total disarmament.

If there are any of my readers who think martyrdom is a thing of the past, I hope I have disillusioned them.

Let me quote once more—this time from the other side. An American Army officer recently said: "Good citizenship is an excellent thing, and so are religion, filial affection and brotherly love. But they are not the ends of an army.

Exists to kill

"An army exists to kill men when ordered, in the nation's quarrel, irrespective of justice. It should train its men to that single end.

"If it is a choice between praising God and going to bayonet-drill, God should wait. If we object to any of our citizens thus specialising on murdering and un-Christian activities we should abolish the army.

"If we want an army, we should recognise it for what it is. We should not lie about its being a school for discipline or manual training, nor clutter up its drill-grounds with disciples for these irrelevant arts."

That is frank and logical, if brutal. And the world has its choice. It can pursue this path or it can follow the trail the modern martyrs are blazing.

One or the other—but let it choose well, for on its choice depends nothing less than the future of civilisation itself.

ANOTHER QUICK PRESERVENE COMPETITION

Closes Midday Friday (Nov. 1st.)

Judging the same afternoon

Cheques will be posted to prize winners on Tuesday (Nov 5th)

Results will be published same day

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The first three prizes will be:

1st £100: 2nd £50: 3rd £25

but these amounts will be doubled in each case where one of these prizewinners happens to have a bar of Preservene in the house and is able to produce it for inspection when our representative calls to present the cheque. If, therefore, the first prizewinner has a bar of Preservene in the house when our representative calls she will receive a cheque for £200 instead of £100. The second prizewinner in the same way would receive £100 instead of £50, and the third prizewinner would receive £50 instead of £25. This doubling only applies to the first three prizes. *There will be 15 other prizes of £10 each and*

A CONSOLATION PRIZE FOR EVERY COMPETITOR who places the first 4 testimonials in the same order as the judges' selection.

Should more than one competitor qualify for 1st prize we are reserving up to £2,000 for additional first prizes. Thus if a number of persons are equally entitled to 1st prize each will receive the full amount to which they are entitled. This rule only applies to *first* prizewinners.

Closing mid-day on Friday (Nov. 1st)

PLEASE POST YOUR ENTRY TO-DAY.

The names and addresses of cash prize winners will be published in the *Daily Mail* on November 5th.

There will be no list of consolation prizewinners published owing to the large amount of space which these names and addresses would occupy. All consolation prizes will be posted by Tuesday (November 5th) so that each competitor who qualifies for one of these prizes should receive it by Wednesday or Thursday at the latest.

*ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to read carefully through the ten Testimonials on the right and left hand sides of this page. Against the word "FIRST" on the voting coupon put the number of the testimonial which you consider would be the most likely to persuade you to give the Preservene Method of Washing a trial. Note that each Testimonial is numbered.

Then put opposite the word "SECOND" the number of your second choice, and so on for the ten places shown on the voting coupon.

Now print your full name and address clearly in block letters in the spaces provided on the voting coupon. Then cut out the voting coupon and post it in a gummed down envelope, using a 1½d. stamp, addressed as follows:—

PRESERVENE SOAP COMPETITION, AUSTRALIA HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT.—Competitors must put the first 4 numbers of their selection in order anywhere on the back of the envelope containing their entry.

Rules and Conditions

1. The forecast must be made on the voting coupon. The numbers must be given in writing as well as in figures; for example: 6 (six).

2. The voting coupon must be enclosed in a gummed down envelope (on the back of which the first 4 numbers of their selection must be given in order), stamped 1½d., and posted so as to reach us not later than mid-day on Friday, November 1st.

3. Only one entry will be accepted from each competitor.

4. Mutilated or altered entries, or entries containing the same number more than once are liable to be debarred.

5. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt by us.

6. The Manager's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into and no interviews granted.

This competition is not open to members of our staff.

A GENUINE SPORTING OFFER.

We will buy any woman two bars of her favourite washing soap if she does not find that Preservene makes clothes spotlessly clean without any rubbing whatever—just 20 minutes boiling (no extracts). Try Preservene yourself for your next "wash." If you are not satisfied with it send us the Preservene wrapper, and attach your name and address and the name and price of the soap which you generally use. We shall send you the cost of the two bars of whatever soap you name without question. We have complete confidence in Preservene and in the honesty of the British housewife—hence this unusual offer.

Fleming & Whitelaw, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

No. 1. "IT IS MUCH CHEAPER THAN THE ORDINARY SOAPS AND POWDERS."

Mrs. L. Ellis, 19, Nuttall Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock' Manchester:—"I really cannot tell you how grateful I am. I used to dread washing days at the tub rubbing and scrubbing, as I have a large wash, having four young children. But what a difference since using Preservene Soap. I simply shred the soap on a suet grater, put the flakes into the copper, and when the water is on the boil, I put in the soiled clothes and allow them to boil twenty minutes. I do all my washing in half the time, and without all that unnecessary hard labour of rubbing and scrubbing. I find that the clothes are perfectly spotless and clean and all stains removed. It is much cheaper than the ordinary soap and powders needed for washing, as after boiling the clothes I use the suddy water for silk and woollens, and it does not shrink or injure them in any way. I find that it is also an excellent shampoo for the hair, as it contains glycerine, eucalyptus, and coccanut oil. I shall always recommend it, as it is a great help, time and money-saver to any woman who has a lot of washing."

No. 2. "I HAVE PROVED IT TO BE THE EASIEST, CHEAPEST, QUICKEST AND CLEANEST."

Mrs. O. M. Hooker, 49, Bonchurch Road, Elm Grove, Brighton, Sussex:—"I would like you to know I have tried and tested every soap on the market (including Preservene Soap) in search for the best. I can truly say Preservene has proved its merits. I conclude that it is the very best in every possible way. It saves time, labour, money. I have proved it to be the cheapest, easiest, quickest and cleanest. Needs no soda or powders. It boils very dirty linen quite clean and white, leaving no dirty marks. It will wash the finest white silk splendidly, will wash flannels and woollens, making them soft and fleecy, and will wash thick, heavy, very dirty, greasy overalls perfectly, and does not cause the colour to run or fade. No rubbing or scrubbing is needed therefore and the clothes do not wear out so quickly."

No. 3. "I WAS AMAZED AT THE CURTAINS."

Mrs. E. M. Timewell, 92, Litherland Road, Bootle, Liverpool:—"I am writing showing my appreciation. I used your wonderful soap for the first time yesterday. Having a big wash after spring cleaning, I thought I would use a labour-saving soap. I simply lit my boiler and shredded the Preservene Soap into it. After the water boiled I put in my sheets, pillow-cases, tablecloths, covers, etc. They boiled twenty minutes. The second boil took shirts, towels and white underclothing of the kiddies. They also boiled twenty minutes. Then the third boil took 12 pairs of casement curtains, being rather dirty as I have my top windows always open. I was amazed at the curtains, they are a creamy colour and they were quite clean. As a rule, I have to scrub the curtains, but I simply put them in dry. I shall always use Preservene Soap. I might mention I have used many soaps and powders but nothing has equalled this."

No. 4. "VERSATILE PRESERVENE."

Mrs. O. Cooper, 2, Burton Street, Keighley, Yorks.:—"I consider Preservene Soap the finest all-round soap procurable. From washing clothes in record time in the most efficient and expeditious way to a pleasant and effective toilet for the feet. For cleaning suits, and to renovating a soiled felt hat. For cleaning woodwork, linoleums, oil-cloths and tiles. For a quiet and easy way of cleaning a greasy gas stove. To renew the freshness of kid gloves and even to removing the heat marks from a polished table. Lastly, as a pleasant and stimulating shampoo for the hair. All these Preservene Soap does and is accomplishing every day."

No. 5. "LAUNDRY WASHING NOT AS GOOD AS PRESERVENE WASHING."

E. M. Isaac, 164, Victoria Road, Alexandra Park, N.22:—"Until three months ago I always sent my laundry out to be done, but had always envied the beautiful white washing which my neighbour always has, as my laundry always looked a dark colour. I was quite worried when baby came, to know what to use for his little garments, as I was told on no account to use soda or strong soap. My neighbour recommended Preservene, and said that there was nothing in that to hurt him, and it would keep his things a good colour. I have been using it for three months now, and am delighted with the results. Never having done any washing before, I was dreading it, but it is a real pleasure with Preservene, it is so easy and the work is so quickly done. I shall recommend it wherever I can."

£1,000 Guarantee

that these letters are genuine, selfwritten and uninvited and that no money has been paid for them.

We have over 5,000 of such testimonials on our files which are open to inspection by any genuine enquirer at our offices in Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE JUDGING

The judging will be carried out by two advertising experts (whose names and addresses will be published with the prize list), in conjunction with Mr. A. E. Whitelaw, managing partner of Fleming & Whitelaw. Those competitors whose selection most nearly agrees with the judges' selection in order of merit will be the prizewinners.

No. 6. "I AM CALLED MRS. PRESERVENE."

Mrs. M. Pendlebury, 27, Humphrey Street, Old Trafford, Manchester:—"I am proud to say I have used Preservene Soap for eight years and never use anything different, and I could give you a list of the dozens of my friends to whom I have recommended your Preservene Soap, and, like me, they are more than delighted with it. In fact, by way of introducing a jovial fact, I am called 'Mrs. Preservene' on this account. I have invited friends to my house and have demonstrated Preservene Soap to them. I use it for furniture, carpets, washing clothes, hair wash. Last week I washed eight blankets with it and my friends all remarked how beautifully soft they were. I really could not speak too highly of Preservene Soap. I did write you about two years ago praising this wonderful soap."

No 7. "EXPECTED TO SEE THE STAINS BOILED IN."

Mrs. E. Browning, 29, Ventnor Road, New Cross, S.E.14:—I have always done my washing in the old-fashioned way (25 years), so you can guess I was not very much impressed by what I read on the wrapper of Preservene Soap. However, I thought, well it's up to me to test it, so for once I'll see what it will do. I fully expected I should see all the dirt boiled into the linen and about twice the trouble to get them clean, but judge of my astonishment when I found them all perfectly clean without any of the hard work of scrubbing. I do not think anyone will credit what the soap would do unless they tried it for themselves as I did, exactly according to the directions. I may say it's a sure thing. I shall keep on using it, for my husband's work is very dirty, consequently I have very dirty linen to wash, and also I suffer with a very weak heart, so it will mean a lot to me to save all the hard rubbing. I find that it is perfectly true that it does not injure any of the clothes. I washed a green jersey frock in the suddy water, and it looks and feels beautiful. Wishing you every success."

No. 8. "EVEN THE OLD STANDING STAINS HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED."

E. Greatrex, 29, Crescent Road, Alexandra Park, Wood Green, N.22:—"I am a new user of Preservene Soap. It so happened that my little girl had a long illness, which meant a continual change of bedclothes and continual washing. My friends had asked me long ago to give Preservene a trial, but I am very hard to convince. However, I was tired with the constant flow of washing, so in desperation I bought a bar, and said to myself, 'Here goes'; so I carried out the directions, saying to myself, I will give it a fair trial in spite of my feelings, which weren't very kindly disposed towards it, seeing I had tried so many soaps and powders. That is why I felt I must write to-day and give it its due, especially seeing I had put two sheets and a tablecloth (badly stained with old tea stains) and four pillow cases in the copper. I was quite prepared to give Preservene a little grace if the clothes were not so white, seeing I had cramped them in the copper a bit; but I was highly delighted with them, even the old standing stains had completely disappeared, and they were all a snowy white, so I shall in future recommend it to my friends who have never given it a trial."

No. 9. "SEEING IS BELIEVING—THE RESULT WAS WONDERFUL."

Mrs. A. Jenkins, Well March Pumping Station, Sheerness, Kent:—"I had never tried your soap until I had your testimonials sent to me a few weeks ago. I did not like to chance putting the clothes into the copper without giving them a little rubbing in the tub. I have been ever so pleased with the whiteness of the clothes, and still carried on with giving the clothes a slight washing first. Well, this Monday I thought I would really take the advice of your wrapper, and I put them straight away into the copper with half a bar of Preservene shredded up, and gave them a twenty-minutes' boiling. When I took them up the result was wonderful. Seeing is believing. Well, I shall never wash my white clothes any more, not even towels. It's the soap that does the work. It really must give longer life to the clothes, as it is the rubbing that helps to wear out the article. And, again, what I like about Preservene—very much, too—it does not injure the hands. When I tried other strong soaps or powders it always used to crack my hands at the knuckles, which were very sore and unsightly. Preservene is absolutely labour and money-saving, because I did not use any other soap powder with your Preservene."

No. 10. "IT DOES NOT LEAVE THE HANDS HARD AND DRY AFTER WASHING AS OTHER SOAPS DO."

Mr. H. Le Marchant, "Minerva," Eugene Road, Preston, Paignton, Devon:—"I have used Preservene for the last month, since it was first brought to my notice, and I feel I cannot speak too highly of it. The price—7½d. for so small a bar of soap—at first seemed rather high to me, but I found to my surprise on using it that it did the work of my usual quantity of soap and powders costing twice as much. Not only that, although my clothes looked so much whiter, I do not find my washing half such a labour, so much time and labour being saved by not having to wash and scrub the articles before putting in the boiler. The woollens too are always so beautifully soft after being washed with Preservene Soap. Another good point is, it does not leave the hands hard and dry after washing as other soaps do. I shall certainly never use any other soap again. Wishing Preservene all the success it merits."

FILL IN AND CUT OUT NOW!

VOTING COUPON.

First.....	Sixth .....
Second.....	Seventh .....
Third	Eighth.....
Fourth.....	Ninth .....
Fifth.....	Tenth .....

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

Address .....

.....

J.B. Please write clearly in block letters.

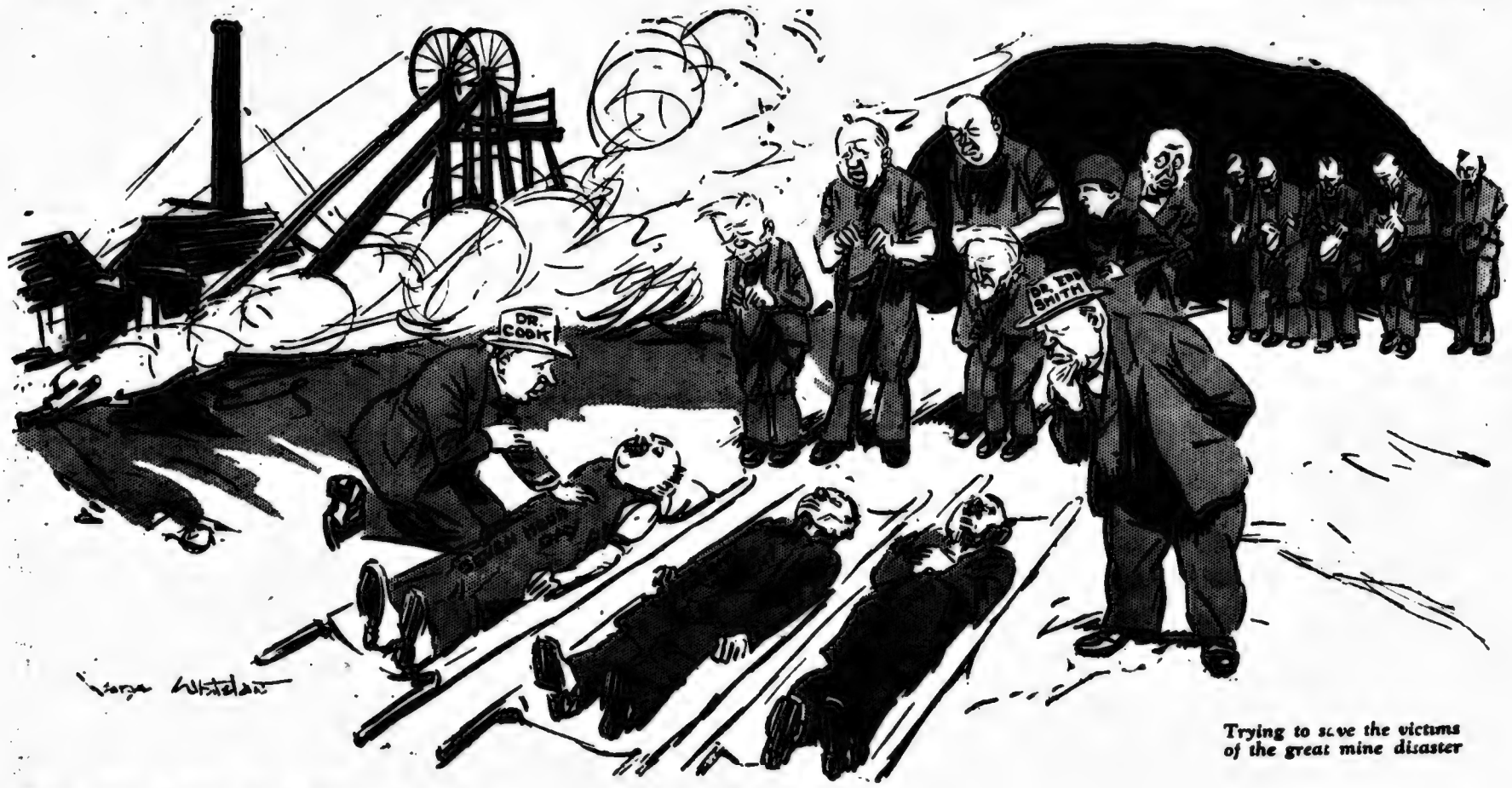
Please cut neatly along these dotted lines.

PRESERVENE SOAP

Saves 1/- each wash

Preservene is stocked by practically every Grocer and Stores throughout Great Britain.

Saves 3 hours work



Trying to save the victims of the great mine disaster

Without Fear or Favour

Chase the Black Shadow —away!

THE announcement that the Government has definitely decided to take over mining royalties for the State, coming on top of its determination to compel a national selling agreement, gives hope that at last the eternal question of the coalfields is being tackled on rational lines.

It is the beginning, in fact, of the pressure of economic forces that will inevitably produce the logical end of State ownership of the coal industry, a thing that one Royal Commission after another has given as the only permanent solution to the trouble.

We have every reason to believe that the scheme now being worked out by Mr. William Graham will compel the royalty-owner to pay for his own extinction—a belated piece of justice that will be welcomed by everybody, except possibly the victims.

But the important point about the nationalisation of coal royalties is that it would provide for the first time a unified ownership of coal, and that has always been the essential foundation for any scheme of reconstruction.

In its determination to re-establish a shorter and unified working day for the miner, the Government is also proceeding on sound lines—providing it clearly lays down when the full seven-hour day shall be restored.

There is an imperative need for every step to be clearly defined, for all these reconstructive measures hang together, and cannot be isolated without running the risk of imminent disaster.

We regret, for that very reason, that the Government is not showing more determination to tackle the one point on which all these other schemes may yet come to grief—the all-important question of a national wages agreement.

IT will be no use elaborating all these unified schemes if in the end the owners are to be allowed to persist in their refusal to meet the miners as a national body, and plunge the situation back into chaos.

There seems to us to be every chance at last of something solid being achieved in the coalfields if the Government will only summon up courage to tackle this question of wages from the beginning.

Since the district agreements are already beginning to expire, there is no delay possible if yet another crisis is to be averted.

It is not only justice to the miner that dictates this: it is the logical thing to do to build schemes of national unity on a foundation that is itself unified.

For it should be possible within the lifetime of the present Parliament to take an even bigger step than any of these, and compel a proper amalgamation of districts into sound economic units, as a preliminary to a future amalgamation of the whole thing into a national industry.

It will be a tragedy for both the Government and the country if all the careful plans now being laid come to nothing because of the obstinacy of the owners on the question of wages.

The miners are as firm on this matter as the owners are obstinate, and it is time we knew on which side the Government is coming down.

* * *

THE Motor Trade Association has been in our black books before. We have more than once objected to the tyrannical way it tells dealers what they may and may not do.

On their High Horse

Its latest attempt to stop free competition in the sale of second-hand cars has nothing to commend it.

We do not see why the private motorist engaged in a private transaction with his dealer should be held to ransom by this autocratic body, nor why the dealer should have to conduct his business on lines laid down for him by someone else.

To attempt to make business in motor-cars different from any other business transaction is an intolerable attempt to interfere with trade.

We fancy that the public and the dealers will have their own views on the matter, and that the Motor Trade Association will find there is a big difference between threat and performance. In fact, unless the autocrats at the head of the association alight from their high horse they will find themselves autocrats with nobody to obey them. Their members will all have deserted.

WHILE we are neither kill-joys nor spoil-sports, we are entirely against a state of affairs that can permit 20,000 people to assemble at a championship boxing-match on a Sunday, to the substantial advantage of the promoters.

Sabbath Prize-fights

There is a certain elementary decency that should be preserved even in the pursuit of enjoyment.

West Bromwich, where the fly-weight championship was decided in these circumstances, is to seek powers to prevent any recurrence of the affair.

We do not quite know why. The powers are already there, and it does not say much for the police that they have not already been used.

The Sunday Observance Act of 1625 has never been repealed, and is still the law of the land. Its provisions could not possibly be clearer. "There shall be no meeting," it says, "assemblies or concourse of people out of their own parishes on the Lord's Day . . . *for any sports or pastimes whatever.*"

The Sunday Observance Act of 1780 carries the matter further; and it also is still the law of the land. "Any house, room or other place which shall be opened or used for public entertainment or amusement . . . and to which persons shall be admitted by payment of money or by tickets sold for money, shall be deemed a disorderly house or place."

COULD it be clearer? And why has no action been taken against both the promoter of the fight and the advertiser of it?

It is no part of our policy to protest against anyone who wishes to enjoy himself in any reasonable way; but we do not consider the assembly of a vast crowd of people to watch two pugilists batter each other a reasonable way of spending any part of the Sabbath.

Watch Committees and such-like bodies usually are spoiling for a chance to prevent such things as boxing-bouts on a Sunday.

But if the city fathers of West Bromwich sleep, we consider it the duty of the Home Secretary to set the proper machinery in motion without delay, and bring such exhibitions to a speedy end.

Who'll Save

by A FAMOUS AUTHORITY

Dr. Temple, Archbishop of York, and prelate of unplumbed capabilities. Perhaps he can save his Church

King Henry VIII. established the Church. If he saw it now he would disestablish several Bishops' heads

IS the Church of England doomed?

For more than a hundred years, prophets, both inside the Church and out, have predicted its imminent and utter collapse. But always, to their disgust, when the Church seemed most moribund a new flicker of life and energy has revitalised its frame.

To-day, however, the Church seems in a worse state than ever before. The Bishop of Durham frankly announces that only through disestablishment can the Church hope to save itself.

Even its apologists no longer pretend that it is in any real sense a "national" Church—for more English men and women are outside than inside it.

Just chaos

Its revised Prayer-book has been rejected by Parliament; yet this book is illegally used in hundreds of parish churches each Sunday.

To the ordinary "man-in-the-street" the internal affairs of the Church seem chaos. In one parish the services seem to ape the rites of the Roman Catholic Church as closely as they dare. In the next the church seems indistinguishable from a Congregational chapel.

Bishop wars against Bishop, using high words, bitter taunts and scathing denunciation. Rebellious clergy defy their superiors in the hierarchy and are not punished.

Nor can the average man understand the finances of the Church. No clear, concise balance-sheet is annually presented in the newspapers, showing just how much money comes into the Church's coffers automatically, how much is raised by gift and subscription.

This bishop receives £10,000 a year, while a poor curate in his diocese struggles on £3 a week. Cathedral closes are populous with £2,000-a-year deans, comfortable canons and dignified archdeacons, while huge slum parishes work their devoted and underfed priests to death in five or ten years.

And so the man-in-the street shakes his head, and decides that his National Church is a badly-managed, ill-disciplined muddle, uninspired by any spiritual fire, honeycombed by sinecures and well-fed indifference, hopelessly out of touch with its people or the age in which they live.

What is the naked truth about this Church? Is the picture really as gloomy as this? Must the Church of England die and be born again a free Church if its spirit is to survive?

Let us examine the main charges against the Church one by one.

First comes the tremendous gulf fixed between Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical, between Modernist and Fundamentalist. How can the same Church contain men who insist that every word of the Bible is literally true and a Dean of Peterborough who confesses at a public meeting that he considers Noah's Flood a myth?

The answer is—"Easily." The basic constitution of the Church was laid down in Queen Elizabeth's reign, when enormous pains were taken to make it comprehensive. That is, while avoiding the Roman Catholic and Quaker extremes, it could include every other grade of Christian.

This very English compromise has endured ever since. It has never worked without squabbles and friction within the Church.

Squabbles must be

English religion is so personal and individual in its expressions that the only possible National Church has been one which can contain men of widely different views.

If we are to continue the life of this National Church, we must put up with their inevitable squabbles.

Note, however, one serious disadvantage of comprehension. It prevents the Church pronouncing definitely on many important questions.

Fr. Jellicoe, live-wire and reforming parson, has opened a "pub" in Somers Town. Here is the man who needs more scope

Birth-control is an example. The Roman Catholics unhesitatingly condemn birth-control, and gain strength by their cut-and-dried attitude. The Church of England cannot decide one way or the other. It will never be able to do so. Therefore it loses strength and prestige.

All sections of the Church, however, manage to co-operate heartily in good works.

A vehemently Evangelical London parson, who is a rich man, sends £20 each Christmas to the funds of a neighbouring slum parish whose ritualistic practices he detests and denounces.

This is a typical action—and "by their fruits ye shall know them."

Clerical plums

The next serious charge against the Church concerns its clergy. They are, it is alleged, decreasing in quantity, mediocre in quality, and most unevenly paid.

English bishops, excluding suffragans and assistants, receive about £160,000 a year, or an average of £3,900 apiece; 12,906 incumbents of parishes were paid £6,402,000 in 1926. Their curates gathered in £1,039,000.

This is a lot of money to pay for a staff which ministers to a flock only 2,510,037 of whom received Easter Communion in the same year.

Of course, Bishops are comfortably off. But their income-tax is heavy, their official palaces disgracefully costly to run, their travelling and living expenses enormous. The world expects a bishop to travel, eat, sleep and live

"The Church no longer attracts men of the intellectual calibre of Dean Inge"

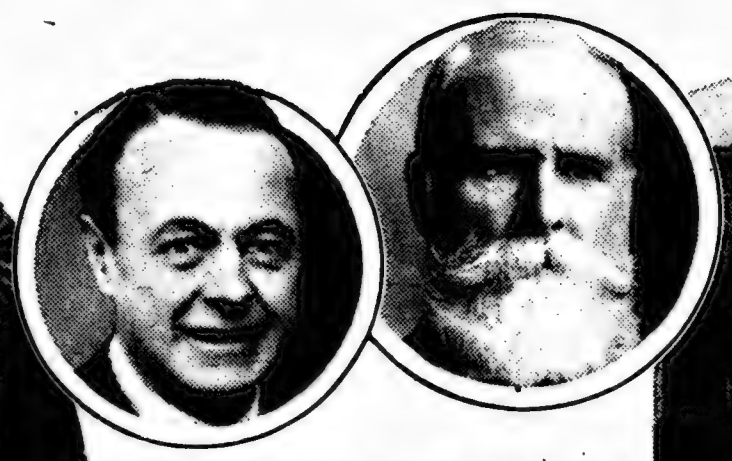
"first class." It also expects its vicars and rectors, whose average income is £400 or less, to maintain the household and style of the middle classes.

Here is the root of the clergy's trouble—a wretched snobbery which insists that the Church of England parson must "live like a

...e the CHURCH?

...UTHORITY ON CHURCH AFFAIRS

Bishop Barnes, of Birmingham, the flail of the Anglo-Catholics. But "squabbles are inevitable"



"Dick" Shepherd, beloved radio preacher, now Dean of Canterbury. A hundred like him could save the Church

His cathedral is so poor that Dean Fry of Lincoln begs money in America for its repair

Canterbury Cathedral, where St. Augustine founded English Christianity

The Archbishop of Canterbury—too old to start saving the Church

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gentleman," and his bishop "like a lord."

If the Church is to live it must abandon these pretensions. In the future its ministers will be recruited increasingly from among the people. They must remain among the people, asking no greater material rewards than fell to the founders of Christianity.

Remember that Christ Himself worked at a carpenter's bench; St. Peter was a fisherman; St. Paul a wandering tent-maker.

If the Church's finances were utterly overhauled and reformed, there is plenty of money to supply all its needs.

At present the Church can always find funds for unnecessary things and futile efforts—for rebuilding the Church House (a job just put in hand), for missions to the Jews (who are unconvertible), for a congress at the other side of the earth.

First and foremost, this silly waste of money should be cut right off. Little Puddlington, not Pekin, must be the care of any Church of *England*.

Next, the rich livings must assist the poor. The parson with £800 a year must give £200 to his brother who struggles on, £4 a week and a slum parish. The fat sinecures must vanish completely.

A recent Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris lived in great dignity on £10 a week, and died out of debt.

"But," the reader will object, "he was a Roman Catholic prelate, and so unmarried."

True—and in this fact lay his strength. The Roman Catholic Church knows its business thoroughly. No one of its clergy is distracted by money worries. He need take no thought for the morrow.

He knows that his old age, when he is past service, may be spent among kindly brothers in a home for such old priests as he. He knows that his food, clothing, roof and bed will all be found, if he has not the means to find them himself.

He is free to concentrate and consecrate his life on one duty—the service of his Church and fellow-men.

A revolutionary reorganisation of its finance could enable the Church of England to follow this magnificent example. By the common honesty of a rigorous share-out, in which no man was favoured, the clergy could one and all be paid a "living wage."

But the superstition that the "parson's a gentleman" must go, too. Vicar's son and ploughman's son must learn their lessons together in the same village school, win and pay their way to higher education by means of scholarships.

In the past, sons and daughters of the vicarage and rectory have provided England with many of her greatest minds. To preserve these for the Church's use, some of the money liberated by financial reorganisation should provide schools where brilliant children of parsons might be trained and educated free.

The Church cannot afford to let first-class brains slip through its fingers. It no longer attracts men of the intellectual calibre of Dean Inge. In future it must catch its geniuses young, or go without them.

Startling idea

At present the movement for a celibate clergy is gaining ground inside the Church — especially among the Anglo-Catholics.

A totally celibate clergy, of course, would at once solve the Church's financial problems. But it is very improbable that an Archbishop will arise capable of insisting on so drastic a revolution. Even if he did so, it would be perhaps half a century before the present married clergy were no more.

But by a shrewd use of its celibate parsons, the Church could enormously economise and increase its efficiency.

There is a group of parishes in a western diocese, each small, each with a large vicarage, each with a miserable stipend.

Two or three young priests, living together in a clergy-house in the centre of the district, could, with the aid of motor-bicycles, minister effectively to the whole district, and be passing rich on half the combined incomes which now half-keep half-a-dozen married men.

Money the root

The celibate system already works most successfully in dozens of London slum parishes, where unmarried men live and work together, where the churches are well filled at innumerable services and the people well cared for.

Wails are printed in the papers lamenting the shrinking number of candidates for ordination as clergymen. There are, actually, candidates in plenty. The trouble is lack of money to pay for their training.

Many of the Church's theological colleges are full to overflowing. The two "monkish" seminaries at Kelham and Mirfield, where Anglo-Catholics learn to wear fancy vestments and be veritable fathers to their people, have long waiting-lists.

If the money was available, the Church could train twice the present number of parsons—and all of them would be first-class men. The harvest stands ready, but the Church cannot afford a reaper and binder.

So from every angle the practical needs of the Church come down to the same fact—money. As a body, the Church is magnificently wealthy, but there is never any money available for essential things; it all gets spent on the things which don't matter so much.

The Church, in fact, is crying out for a financial genius to devote his life to its ledgers and accounts. But he must be a man who can not only put his finger on the remedy, but one who can also force his remedy down the throats of a stiff-necked opposition.

Were its affairs thus put in order, it is certain that the Church would revive and flourish amazingly.

Thousands of devoted men, burning with zeal, aflame to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land," are thwarted, starved and wasted. Their lives are wracked by money troubles, their hours frittered away in trumpery committees and snobbish gatherings.

Set them free, and they will fire England by their spirit. Already, in spite of tremendous difficulties and opposition, such men are working wonders in the slums of our overgrown cities. They have made Christ live in Somers Town as He has never lived in Mayfair.

Leaven needed

Their leaven is exactly what England needs in this breathless age of talkies, sex-appeal and joy-rides. They stand for the things that are eternal against the things that are temporal. We need their spirit, and we need it very badly.

Only a great man can hope to persuade Parliament, clergy and people to set the Church free, to reorganise its finance, to drop its heathen snobbery.

Where is the man?

The answer's a YOUNGER!

TO celebrate a happy occasion—to console you for a dull time—to crown the satisfaction of "a perfect day"—to comfort you on a cold day—or to make amends for a disappointment—what is there to compare with a draught of that best of all brews—

William Younger's Scotch Ale

Brewed in Edinburgh

The beer with a bite in it.

TRUTH IN RADIO

Fit your set with new Mullard valves and learn the meaning of radio that rings true. It is the wonderful P.M. filament that makes the difference.

Mullard

THE·MASTER·VALVE

Ads MV26

REAL LIFE STORIES

by famous authors

OUT of the BLUE

by WILL SCOTT, *Author of "Giglamps," "Shadows," "Disher, Detective," and a thousand other fiction stories. Here he tells a true one*

TO my own knowledge there is only one story that has the shape and the quality and the "tang" of professionally made fiction—and this is it.

I knew the man I have called Stephen Birch very, very well some eight or nine years ago. To-day thousands know him—which is why I do not give his real name.

The story began about eight years ago, one Saturday morning in a suburb of London, not half a dozen miles from Charing Cross.

It began when the postman called at the shabby suburban house where Stephen Birch rented a modest top room.

Birch, on that particular Saturday morning, had not a penny in the world.

He was a composer—or it might be more correct to say that he aspired to be a composer.

He had managed to earn odd sums now and again by turning out tunes for publishers who seemed unwilling to encourage beginners by paying too much.

In his biggest week he earned four pounds. Some weeks he earned a pound. Many weeks he earned nothing at all. He borrowed money when and where he could to keep body and soul together.

On the Saturday morning when the postman's knock awakened him he was three weeks in arrears with his rent, besides being nearly two days in arrears with his food.

Nevertheless, a postman's knock is always an adventure to one who exists on the fringes of the arts.

"Anything for me, Mrs. Whyte?" he called down the staircase-well to his landlady.

"Nothing for you!" replied his landlady curtly.

He closed the door and despondently began to dress.

"No breakfast!" he said to himself as he dragged on his shoes. "No lunch, no dinner, no supper! And the same thing all over again to-morrow! Nobody wants me."

He had oft-times in his walks passed a pond—a deep pond—in a park. It was a quiet park, and the pond was in its quietest corner.

"I'll just drop in the pond," he told himself. "And after the fuss is over everybody can forget about me. I don't think they'll find that difficult!"

He found the situation at least interesting. He had meant to soar so high, and here he was sinking as low as suicide.

"If I could get just a shilling or two for food I might keep going a little longer," he thought. "But where in all this most unfriendly city can I manage to get a shilling or two? I can't earn it, I can't beg it, I can't steal it. Borrow it? Who is there left who would lend me a couple of shillings?"

Even saying the words proved ex-

Illustrated by Geo. Woods

"'Mr. Carlish?' the typist drawled. 'He's gone!' . . . Birch blundered out to the street somehow. His feelings were too dulled for him to know clearly what he was doing"

hilarating. Two shillings would work wonders. Threepence for bread, sixpence for fruit, threepence for a very small pot of imitation fish-paste, twopence for milk, threepence for cheese—why, he would be able to keep going quite a long time on two shillings; perhaps until the tide turned and the postman brought a commission. But where in all the hard world of London to get the money?

"Perhaps the fellows I've borrowed least from might be prepared to loan me a little extra if I tell them just how

(Continued on page 24)

Our Biggest *Job*

To get men to make our 10-day test. 86% of those who try this amazing shaving cream, we find, never return to old methods.

Gentlemen :

After years of experiment, we have perfected a shaving cream that men tell us is outstandingly a leader. They claim for it things that we, in modesty, could never say. Try it for ten days before you buy. Then, if you like it—as 86% of those who try it do—you can buy it, wherever you are.

5 remarkable points

Palmolive Shaving Cream came as the result of years of experiment. Our 130th formula brought success—achieved the 5 things 1,000 men had given us as the requirements of any new cream hoping to win the public.

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250-times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-affects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now try it, please

Now, whether your old shaving preparation suits or not, try ours. We undertake, in 10 shaves to win you; you are the judge. So won't you mail the coupon now?

10 SHAVE TEST

Simply insert name and address and send with 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to PALMOLIVE. Dept. S.C. 21, Eagle Street, London, W.C.1.

Name.....

Address.....

Please print name clearly J.B. 26/10/29.

103/295

Fresh at five o'clock

SHE is the quickest and most efficient worker in the office. Always busy, but never flurried. Even at the end of her day's work, she is still fresh and unruffled.

She has learnt the secret of relaxing the nerves—by the use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets.

For the very act of chewing calms the nerves, as your doctor will tell you. When nerves are calmed, tension is relaxed. The mind is freshened. Concentration is easier. Work becomes fun—not effort.

But Wrigley's does more than make work easier. Taken after every meal it helps digestion—cleanses the teeth and mouth—removes all trace of eating, drinking or smoking—and sweetens the breath.

In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

Thousands of keen-eyed clear-headed men are smoking Manikins regularly. *You* also will find Manikins agreeable to your nerves and considerate to your health.

They are in all respects as good as a good cigar should be—Quality is not sacrificed to make a moderate priced article, though Manikins are inexpensive.

The secret of Manikin goodness at Manikin Price is just this—They are made from the delicate tip leaves, too small for the large cigar yet actually the sweetest smoke of all.

MANIKIN
CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save. ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER BEST & PUREST

"OUT of the BLUE"—(Continued from page 22)

things are," he thought. And he began to tick them off on his fingers.

"Randolph, of the Mogul Music Company; Smith, at Barrows; Carlish——. Nobody else. Just three of them. And they're five miles away! More than an hour's walk, and I haven't even a penny for a 'bus-fare to help me on the way."

Nevertheless it was a last hope, and, plucking his hat from a broken peg behind the door, he set off to see whether it was a dead hope or not.

On the way he glanced more enviously at the riders in penny 'buses than any of those riders glanced at the occupants of Rolls-Royces that passed the 'buses. He left his shabby suburb at nine o'clock. It was twenty minutes to eleven when he crossed Leicester Square.

FIRST he tried Carlish, because he knew Carlish best. Besides, Carlish had always seemed rather a soft-hearted man. A typist in the inner office informed him that Mr. Carlish was in the board-room at an important meeting and could not be disturbed.

Did she know when the board meeting would be over? She was sorry, but she did not. Birch said he would wait awhile. He waited a quarter of an hour, and then he went away.

Just after eleven o'clock he entered Barrows' giant offices off Charing Cross Road. Smith he was not so certain about. He did not know Smith very well. But no doubt that was in a way hopeful. There had not yet arisen between them the familiarity that breeds contempt.

"Mr. Smith?" said the typist, between spasms of gum-chewing. "Mr. Smith isn't here."

"Could you tell me what time he will be here?" asked Birch.

"Won't be here at all to-day," replied the girl. "This is Saturday."

Birch went out into the street, feeling sick. The lack of food was beginning to tell on him. He retraced his steps to Leicester Square and rested for five minutes. He hated London and every man, woman and child in it—particularly Smith.

He had visions of Smith on some suburban golf-links, spending more on one cigar than he required to live on for some days. Only a shilling or two he asked for—and there were men spending more than that on mere smoke.

Presently he rose and trudged away along the Strand to the London home of the Mogul Music Company.

Would Randolph also prove to be one of those lucky beings so well provided with this world's goods that they did not need to labour more than five days a week?

And then he turned a corner and came face to face with the Mogul Music Company's offices and almost broke down under his despair.

Every employee of the Mogul Music Company was one of those lucky beings who did not need to labour more than five days a week. The offices were closed till Monday.

Birch could scarcely believe it at first. He rattled the gilded gates at the main entrance and stood back and stared up at the windows; and it was only the inquisitive gaze of a policeman along the street that finally drove him back into the Strand.

He looked across the road at a public clock. Twenty-five minutes to twelve. He dragged one weary foot after another back to Leicester Square—and Carlish.

AT least, he thought it was to Carlish he was going. But only the typist and a caretaker remained at Carlish's office.

"Mr. Carlish?" she drawled. "He's gone!"

"I—I thought he was at a board meeting?" said Stephen Birch.

"Was," agreed the typist. "The meeting closed twenty minutes ago."

"Did you—did you tell him I'd called?"

"You never left your name," said the girl.

Birch blundered out to the street, somehow. His feelings were too dulled for him to know clearly what he was doing. He only wanted to get to the quiet pond in the quiet park and finish everything.

"There's no use in living or working or hoping or anything," he told himself. "Best to get out of it as quickly

and quietly as I can. The world's got no use for me. I've got no use for the world."

He walked brokenly, mile by mile, towards his shabby suburb. The crowds going by trod on his feet, elbowed him aside, so that sometimes he was walking in the gutter.

"Just a shilling or two," he kept repeating. "The things I could do with a shilling or two! There are millions and millions of shillings in London—but not one for me. . . ."

The streets grew quieter as he reached his suburb. He slowed down a little, for his feet were very painful. The pangs of hunger were agonising.

The way to the quiet park led past his lodgings. He hated them so much that he resolved not to look at them as he went past to his peaceful end in the still pond. But look at them he had to, for he heard his name spoken as he came abreast of the creaking iron gate.

MRS. WHYTE, his landlady, was talking to a man he did not know.

"Here is Mr. Birch!" she said suddenly. "Perhaps he would do as well. He is one of my boarders."

"Anyone will do as well," said the man surlily. "I'm tired of rounding 'em up! Residents just as well as householders will do for me, and if, as you say, your husband's in Norfolk—."

"Won't be back till Tuesday," Mrs. Whyte explained.

"What is this?" demanded Birch.

"You live 'ere?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Birch.

"Name—Christian and sur-," said the man.

Birch told him, and he entered the names on an official-looking paper.

"Bloke done 'isself in," he explained to Birch. "Inquest is at the old workhouse at two sharp, and I'm gettin' a jury together. You'll 'ave to be one of 'em."

"Serve at the inquest on a suicide!" cried Birch. "But I—I don't want——."

"Sorry, but I'm afraid you ain't got no option," said the man. "Here's your paper, and as it's nearly two o'clock now, if you'll come along o' me——."

Birch, like a man in a dream, fell in beside the stranger and they set out for the workhouse. The man talked on the way, but Birch heard nothing he said. They passed the gates of the quiet park, and Birch felt a choking feeling in his throat.

Starving and penniless, with the means to end it all almost within his grasp, yet he was a toy of Fate to the last. Fate had postponed the end for a little while and forced him aside to this queer duty.

Birch was herded in a small, musty room with eleven other men. One of them was elected foreman, and Birch helped to elect him.

Then an official marched the dozen up a short, hilly street and into a tiny building, where Birch, for one, was reduced to the last stage of nausea on being compelled to view the body.

Then back again to the workhouse and a long room, where a few frowsy members of the public were gathered.

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Read it Next Week

STEPHEN BIRCH listened, in a way, to the evidence. He shuddered at a few of the sentences the coroner uttered. It was like sitting at an inquest on himself.

The dead man had been an artist. He had sold no pictures for many weeks. It was disclosed in evidence that he had had no food for several days, that he was quite without money, and that he had been turned out of his lodgings after paying no rent for more than two months. He had borrowed a little here and there until he had been able to borrow no longer.

"Whereupon," said the coroner, "he took his life by throwing himself into a pond."

Stephen Birch sat like a man stunned—or drugged. Words pricked his brain; phrases tortured him. Though he closed his eyes, still he saw the ghastly sight he had seen in the mortuary. A man dead by drowning. A penniless, friendless man dead by drowning.

The coroner began to speak again:

"It is strange that in this age of luxury and enlightenment we should have in our midst men quite without money, without friends, without hope, and yet gifted men, too.

"Had he lived a little longer the corner might have been turned, success might have come to him. But he could not see round that corner. He chose death by his own hand. Not a soul on earth was benefited by his deed, not even himself. Yet he took that course. . . ."

THE coroner droned out some lesson that apparently was to be derived from the artist's suicide; a verdict was arrived at—how, Stephen Birch never knew. The coroner wrote something in a book, and then everybody was turning to the door, where a policeman stood and a meek man sat at a table.

"What—can I do—now?" Stephen Birch asked himself.

The policeman seemed to bar his way. He did not understand. The meek man was plucking at his sleeve.

"You were on the jury?" said the meek man.

"Yes," said Birch.

"There will be the juror's fee," said the meek man.

"What?" said Birch stupidly.

"The fee," the meek man explained, "for serving on the jury."

He put out his hand and something fell into Stephen Birch's palm. Birch looked at it bewildered as he passed out into a green-painted passage to make room for the next man.

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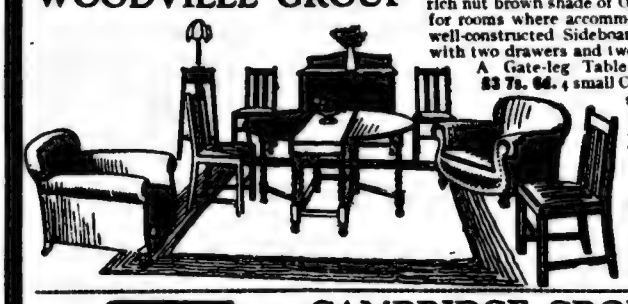

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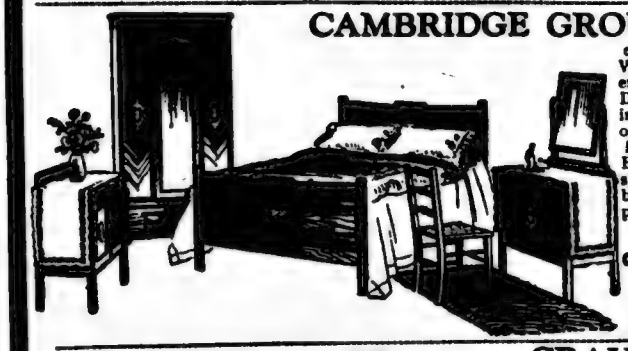

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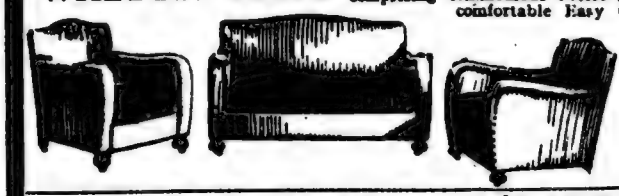

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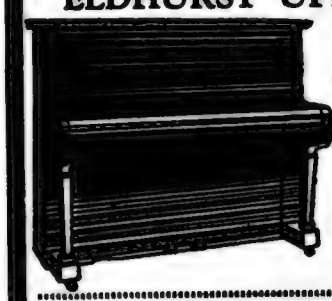

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Please admire Mr. Maxton's famous raven locks. Sir Henry Page Croft, who "commands support"—

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RODS in PICKLE for RAMSAY

by A Political Correspondent

THE Labour Government has made a fine start by winning a succession of "away" matches at The Hague, Geneva and Washington; but it is now faced with a stiff run of "home" games—Unemployment, Coal and Insurance—in which it will have to be at the top of its form if it is to avoid defeat.

In other words, the political fine weather is at an end, and with the reassembly of Parliament on Tuesday next we may expect the political barometer to mark "Stormy; unsettled."

In the summer the Tories thought that if they gave the Labour Government sufficient rope it would hang itself. They think so no longer.

Instead of committing suicide, the Labour Party has climbed to success. So the Tories will be on the offensive.

Sir Henry Page Croft, who can always command support from the rank and file, is determined on a fighting policy.

When he sees a Socialist head, he wants to hit it, especially if it is on the shoulders of a Cabinet Minister.

Colonel Gretton is another who is out to attack. On the Front Bench, Mr. Churchill won't be slow to make trouble for the Cabinet.

So, even if Mr. Baldwin would prefer a quiet life on the Westminster front, the Tories will be out for every chance of putting the Government in a hole.

"Give us a chance!"

As for the Liberals, they have decided to concentrate on unemployment. Their aim is to discredit the Government, so that they may go to the country with the story: "The Tories did nothing for the unemployed. The Socialists did nothing. Give our scheme a chance."

Sir Herbert Samuel has been appointed to control the strategy of the Liberal Party, and as soon as he gives the signal Mr. Lloyd George will take the floor with the cry, "Thomas has failed."

The Labour Party, knowing its dangers, has worked out a campaign intended to avoid defeat during the present session, which ends in July next year.

This plan is to introduce as many useful measures of social reform as possible, always avoiding any proposal likely to compel the Liberals and the Tories to combine in a solid vote against it.

The Pensions Amendment Bill, slum clearances and factory legislation will make a strong start in this shrewd campaign, in which is revealed much of the Prime Minister's Scotch canniness.

With such measures, the Government hopes to get through to the spring and Mr. Snowden's Budget, which will be drawn up so that the Liberals will support some clauses and the Tories others.

It is a cleverly planned campaign; but the best-laid schemes of politicians often "gang agley," and this one may well break down.

Many Labour M.P.s, however, carried away by the present wave of popularity, are almost as foolishly optimistic as the Tories were before the General Election. They talk of "a certain five years of office."

Trouble is brewing for such as these. It will break sooner than is expected.

Bitterly carried on

Miss Margaret Bondfield, for one, promises to be a storm-centre. At the Brighton Labour Party Conference she was very nearly censured for her attitude—and that of her department—towards the men who honestly want work and cannot get it.

The campaign against her will be continued bitterly in the House.

To the trade unions she seems to be a caricature of a Tory Minister of Labour. "Maggie must go" is no empty slogan, and even on the Labour benches in the House of Commons there is a demand for a new policy or a new Minister.

The Government has come to the rescue of "Maggie" by appointing a Cabinet Committee to report on the Unemployment Insurance Acts, and one well-known Labour leader has said, "If Maggie goes, we all go."

This attitude won't do, and the Cabinet will hear some very plain speaking unless it does the right thing by the uninsured man who is out of work.

If "Maggie" won't tackle the job, there are those who will demand that Mr. Wheatley, or some other left-winger, should have a chance to put things right.

This is just one of the places where the Government's careful scheme for prolonging its life may fail.

It may appease the Liberals and the Tories by going in for "slow motion" legislation; but this won't do for many of its own supporters.

Mr. Maxton and his followers are not prepared to sit tight and do nothing. They won't make the mistake of playing into the hands of the Tories, much as the Tories would like it. But they will expect to get things done.

India presents another source of danger to the Labour Government.

A strong body of opinion demands that a Bill should be introduced at once giving India full status as a British Dominion on a definite date a few years ahead.

"The red men with Scotch accent," as they have been called, are behind this demand, but the Cabinet has definitely decided that nothing can be done until the report of the Simon Commission is published next year.

Though Mr. Saklatvala is no longer in the House to lead the attack, India will not lack champions in the Labour ranks. But it is anticipated that the Government will be strong enough to stick to its policy on this question.

While the Labour Government is being prodded from behind by its own back benchers, the Tories will be lying in wait in front for a chance to make trouble.

Their great hope is for a windfall from abroad, preferably from Russia, or for a proposal to nationalise "something," no matter whether it be mining royalties or railways, so that they may raise a scare about "Socialism and confiscation."

Russia is the Tories' chief hope, for they believe that the Bolshevists cannot refrain from political propaganda.

Every Tory M.P. prays nightly for another Zinovieff letter, so that, with Mr. Churchill at their head, and waving all his hats at once, they may charge into a General Election with all their Union Jacks flying.

Mr. Henderson is not likely to leave the Tories much chance of bringing off their scoop.

No monkeying

He was more than a match for Mr. Churchill when the Tories tried to score over Egypt, and there is no doubt that he has made it quite clear to the Soviet that there must be "no monkeying" this time. In which case the Tories will have to think again—and thinking is not their strong point.

Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues are not in for an easy passage, though some of them, misled by their present popularity, may think so.

Will they call the bluff of the Liberals and defy the attacks of the Tories by planking down real democratic legislation?

If they do, they will survive with a united Party behind them. If they don't, not all their Parliamentary cleverness will save them from defeat.

Remember, remember—
the SECOND
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Light one of those pieces of touch paper on page 39 to-night. And remember, remember—the closing date is the *Second* of November.

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LEAVES are reddening and falling. Mornings and evenings are chill and damp. Winter is approaching with its dreary days of rain and wind and gloom.

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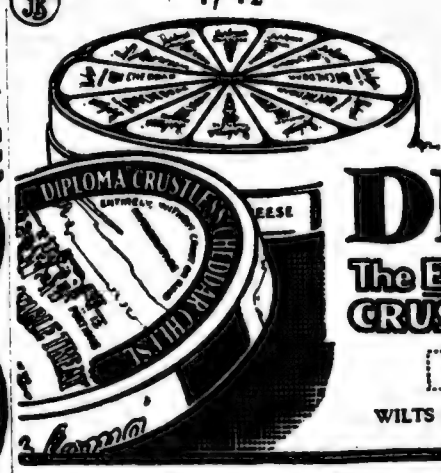

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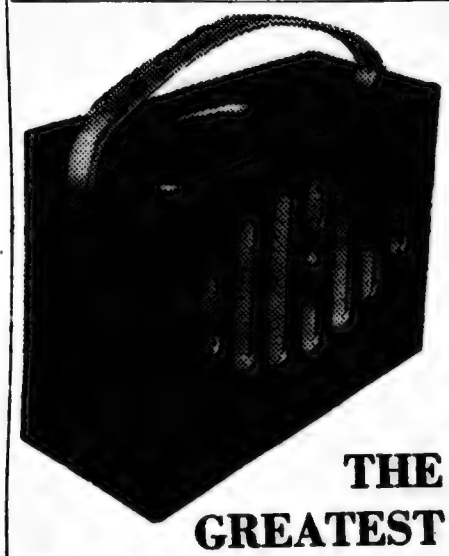

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HAVING survived the Ice Age, the Stone Age and the Dark Ages, the world is now passing through the most frivolous age of all. This is the Age of Legs.

Legs were never before worth as much as they are worth to-day. Mistinguett, the Paris revue favourite, has insured hers for tens of thousands of pounds.

Brains don't count nowadays against the attraction of legs. If a girl has legs to show, and is willing to show them, she need never regret not having been born clever.

"Every film must have sex appeal," says Mr. Carl Laemmle, head of one of America's greatest motion-picture corporations.

Twenty years ago a love appeal would have served the purpose. But the simple love appeal is rather out of fashion to-day. Sex appeal, with all that the term implies, is what is called for now.

Startling!

In certain forms of entertainment—particularly on the screen—and in certain types of novel there is not much of the human anatomy that does not come in for its full share of the limelight.

There is little reticence about these moderns.

Recently in London a famous Spanish painter, Señor Beltran-Massis, held a show of his pictures that received a considerable amount of publicity in the Press.

We were promised some startling "nudes,"-and even informed that one of them would have to be removed when the Spanish Ambassador paid his official visit.

Yet nobody appeared to be very startled by Señor Beltran-Massis' startling "nudes." The Press made a loud noise, but nobody else did.

Is it that startling "nudes" are taken for granted in England now?

It will be remembered that only a few weeks ago the police seized a number of paintings by the well-known Mr. Lawrence, who, with both his brush and his pen, manages to keep well abreast of the modern trend.

The pictures had been publicly shown and seen by thousands before the police stepped in and closed the exhibition.

Short shock

Though some of the newspapers tried to make a sensation of the incident, it created only a minor hubbub.

Not very long ago Mr. Lawrence and his pictures would have been publicly denounced from a hundred pulpits. As it was, nobody appeared to be shocked for more than a moment or two.

There seems to be more than a little justification for a recent statement that we as a nation are more morally "slack" to-day than at any time during the last three hundred years.

The so-called "Society" weeklies have built up gigantic circulations by a careful attention to sex appeal.

Sometimes, it is true, some of them publish small pictures of eminent actresses with a weakness for keeping on their clothes. But an obscure chorus-girl with shapely limbs and the minimum of wardrobe can always be sure of large space in the pages of such papers.

Twenty years ago photographs of this kind were published only in the lowest and most vulgar type of "tuppenny rag." To-day, magnificently turned out, they find their way into nearly every home.

A generation ago the most popular British author was probably Sir Hall Caine, with his heavy moralities

Miss Tallulah Bankhead is forced to undress

This LEG-MAD World

To-day, Mr. Edgar Wallace, with his guns and crooks and various underworlds, is an easy first. Nobody wants a moral lesson now. Everybody wants a thrill.

The crook is the hero of the hour. Indeed, in a recent play, "Crime," he was made to appear quite a noble fellow.

All through history an excessive disregard for the proprieties has coincided with an excessive disregard for the more material laws.

The prancing of a pretty girl in the latest talkie revue may seem poles apart from the murder of some poor, elderly shopkeeper in his little provincial shop; but each is a characteristic aymptom of this disrespectful era of ours.

Each, if we probe deeply enough, will be found to be a germ of the same disease. The disease is moral indifference.

A generation ago we were satisfied to be bound by certain laws.

There were things which we recognised as not done by decent people. There were certain books which were not brought into respectable houses. There were certain stage situations that were at least left to the imagination.

Naturally, it made for priggishness. Because, twenty-five years ago, we refused to discuss certain things it was not to say these things did not exist.

But where it is undesirable for the scales to be weighted down on one side only we do not restore a sane balance by suddenly dumping them down on the other side as hard as we can. Complete repression is not balanced by complete licence.

To-day we go the whole hog. From agreeing that sex was not fit for open discussion, we have come not only to discussing it at the tops of our voices, but to discussing nothing else.

We even broadcast comic songs about it.

Twenty-five years ago such actresses as Ellen Terry gave us their art only. Nowadays playwrights force Miss Tallulah Bankhead to undress on the stage.

Clara, complete

On the screen there are fewer restrictions. So that not very long ago we got Clara Bow, one of Hollywood's stars, complete, without any clothes at all.

Twenty-five years ago such queer symbols as "D——" appeared in our novels. We knew quite well what it meant, but it hurt us to look at it in full, which was stupid. But by no conceivable stretch of the imagination could it be called harmful.

To-day we are reaching the limits. We are wallowing in sex for the sake of the wallowing.

The disease of moral indifference is never referred to as a disease by the sufferers. It is always referred to as Art. This is purest bunkum.

If a display of underclothes and legs on a stage is Art, why does it cease to be Art if practised in a motor-bus or in the middle of a street?

And if it does not so cease to be Art, why don't its devotees practise it under such conditions and thus help their Art along by a little propaganda?

But here is where our "artists" hesitate. And their hesitation shows their claims to Art to be the merest cant.

The fact is that this so-called Art is not meant for consumption in the open air. It is meant for cheap sniggers in semi-darkness. Else how could it pay?

This is not a plea for extended censorship. Censorship does not help; it aggravates.

A stronger sense of public responsibility is required. The men who could put an end to the present state of affairs are very few. A mere handful of men control the stage and screen of this country and America.

"No more legs"

If they sent out the command, "No more legs," the command would have to be obeyed. There could be no appeal.

Our publishers are so few that they could be all-powerful. Why are they not? With no muck for sale nobody could buy muck.

An appeal to public taste appears to be worse than useless, for public taste seems to be lowering every hour.

History shows us what happened to other empires that gave themselves up to complete moral indifference. Rome had its age of legs and licence. It ended in the fall of the Roman Empire.

Need we go the way that Rome went?

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WASH OUT the CORONER

"Fiscals can be silly. Consider Mr. J. D. Strathearn"

Mr. Clynes "has promised to enquire into this coroner business"

BRITAIN'S attention is focused on coroners and their inquests. Mr. Drew's melodramatic vindication from suspicion at the Reading shop-murder inquest produced a spate of newspaper articles, criticising and defending the English coroner system of enquiring into sudden, violent and unexplained deaths.

Immediately the coroner was attacked, Scots began to put forward their usual suggestion that "these things are done better in Scotland."

In Scotland the functions of the coroner are vested in the Procurator-Fiscal—a local official of wide powers, who also acts as Public Prosecutor and fills the role of police assistant, carried out in France by the examining magistrate.

Should coroners be abolished in favour of "Fiscals" in England? Is the Scottish system of criminal procedure better in this particular? Ought the Home Secretary, who has promised to enquire into this coroner business, to consider making the change?

We don't know. Each system has its limits, advantages and drawbacks. Consider some of them and then form your own opinion.

Crossword ban

First, obviously, the human element must be left out. A silly coroner is worse than a wise "Fiscal," and *vice versâ*. No system can be judged by the men who are its machinery. Fiscals, too, can be silly. Consider Mr. J. D. Strathearn, of Glasgow.

He has just prevented the *Observer*, staid Sunday newspaper, from giving two three-guinea prizes for crossword solutions each week. His reason is that the prizes go to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened in the *Observer* offices.

That, thundered Mr. Strathearn, is a lottery. The *Observer* is revenged by making this Fiscal look ridiculous in its columns. But no London coroner could stop crossword prizes in a Glasgow paper. He hasn't the power. Inquests on dead bodies alone concern him.

Everyone knows how a coroner's inquest is conducted. The Scots do, although they have no coroners. They are better educated than the English. Besides, they read English newspapers. So there is no need to waste time going into the matter.

Each Fiscal is appointed over a district, there being forty-eight of them in all Scotland. The population is about 5,000,000; so each Fiscal, on the average, has the oversight of 100,000 folk.

When any sudden death occurs in his area for which no doctor can give a death-certificate, the Fiscal is informed, and holds a private and personal enquiry into the circumstances. If necessary, of course, he orders a *post-mortem* on the body, examines witnesses on oath, and uses policemen and detectives to aid him in his investigations.

Such private inquisitions avoid inflicting much suffering on innocent people. Hundreds of useless inquests occur in England each year, causing acute misery to the relations of the man or woman.

If the Fiscal finds by his researches that death was due to accident or any innocent cause, he drops the case. But if someone is to blame, he pursues the matter in his role of Public Prosecutor.

In most criminal cases it is he who decides whether the suspect shall be arrested and charged before a court.

Murder suspects

Suppose a Fiscal suspects murder. He issues a warrant, obtains the arrest of his suspect, and brings him up at a police-court. Here only formal evidence of arrest is given, the charge is read, and the man in the dock passes on untried to a higher court.

In England the case must be tried first in the police-court, to discover whether there is reasonable evidence on which the accused should stand his real trial before judge and jury.

A coroner is not competent to decide this. But the Fiscal, as coroner, prosecutor and examining magistrate rolled into one, does so. A prisoner is committed for trial merely on the Fiscal's recommendation.

Here is the advantage of the Scottish system: when a man accused of a serious crime appears before the judge and jury, his story and that of his accusers has never been revealed. No juryman can be prejudiced.

This is not possible in England, where newspaper reports of the coroner's inquest and police-court proceedings have probably been read by each jury man and woman.

English trials open by a statement from prosecuting counsel of what he intends to prove. This may prejudice stupid jurymen against a prisoner, no matter what evidence they hear to the contrary afterwards.

Mystified jury

Scottish trials open straight away with the first witness for the prosecution. The charge is read; then he steps into the witness-box. Thus the jury cannot be prejudiced by counsel; but they are also often quite unable to understand what it is all about until half-way through the evidence.

The Fiscal system is also far less cruel when murder is suspected but the suspicion proves false. In England inquests on such deaths drag innocent men and women to court to face an ordeal of terrible suspicion and publicity.

They may even be committed to a police-court, and undergo a trial there, before the suspicion is cleared up as unfounded.

But though they leave this court "without a stain on their character," uncharitable neighbours will never stop darkly hinting that they were "lucky to get off." This calumny may follow Mr. Drew, for example, to his grave.

When a Fiscal finds he is exploring a case of unfounded suspicion, he can drop it without anyone being the wiser—except the person suspected. There is no publicity, no calumny, no career wrecked by tittle-tattle.

Of course, it is not only in this matter of Fiscals that Scottish law differs from English. Marriage, for example, is very different north and south of the Tweed.

If a man and woman domiciled in Scotland declare their intention of living together as man and wife before witnesses, they are automatically married by these very words. (This has caused humorous disasters. Young people playing charades at parties have found themselves wedded by acting a wedding.)

Not even such a declaration is essential. A man and woman who live together habitually become married by the very process.

Simple divorce

Of course, most Scottish couples are married in church. By so doing they obtain documentary proof of their wedding—which is useful for a thousand various reasons. If, however, you marry by declaration before witnesses, you can obtain a document proving the fact from a sheriff afterwards.

It is merely a matter of a small fee, and of you, your wife and the witnesses swearing that the declaration was made.

Divorce, too, is simple in Scotland. Desertion for four years, as distinct from adultery, is a valid ground for dissolving any marriage. Moreover, if a husband has committed adultery, the wife's own adultery does not debar her from a decree (except at the "discretion" of the court) as in England.

But one harsh law mars the divorce code of Scotland. No pair of adulterers, divorced by their innocent spouses, can legally marry. However long *they* live together as a reputed married pair, *their* children are branded as illegitimate.

Rt. Hon. Craigie M. Aitchison, Scottish Lord-Advocate, could advise the Cabinet on Fiscals and their virtues

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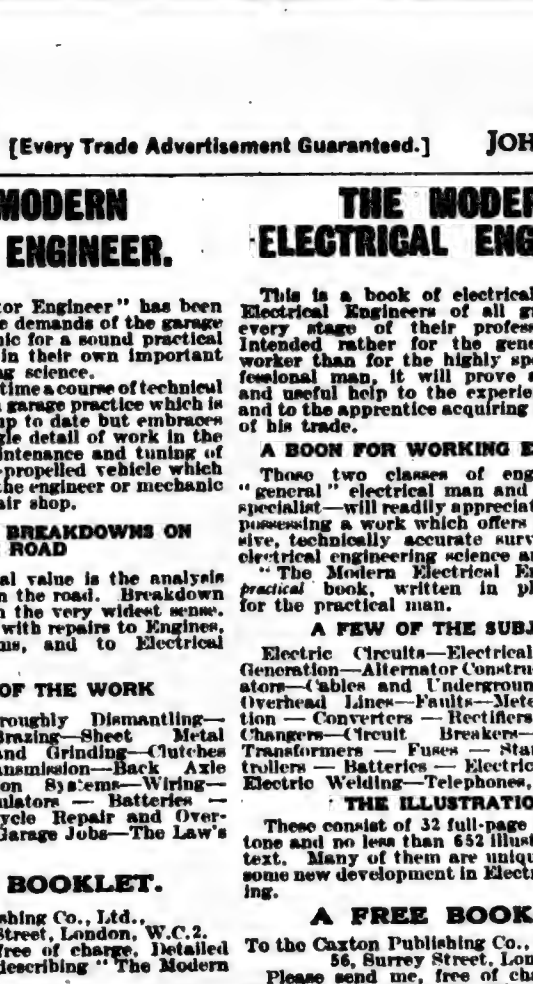

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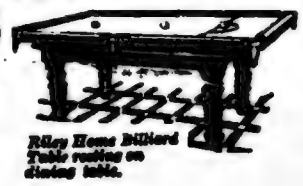

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complicate this woman's problem

I AM a middle-aged woman earning my living as a private secretary and companion.

Ten years ago the death of an employer left me stranded, and I regarded it as a godsend when an aged friend of my late father offered me a prolonged stay in her home.

About the same time this old lady's nephew came to visit her. He was recovering from serious head wounds received in a motor accident.

He was going abroad, and when I heard that his destination was Montreal I gave him a letter of introduction to my married brother, who lived there.

When later I heard that he had fallen in love with and married a very pretty niece of mine, I was taken aback. However, the incident passed temporarily from memory.

News reached us that after marriage the man's head trouble developed so rapidly that he was removed to an asylum.

After only a few months of wedded life, my niece found herself in the position of a widow, yet tied for life to a man incurably insane.

Shortly after this I obtained a job as companion to a wealthy young widow with one little crippled son.

My employer is kindly and often confides in me. She told me she was the widow of a wealthy stockbroker who died intestate. She was granted administration of his estate.

Lately, whilst sorting out documents and papers for her, I came across a faded photograph. It was a wedding group of my employer and *my niece's husband*, inscribed "Taken on our wedding day," and with it, in the same envelope, was a marriage certificate.

I reported my find to my employer, who confessed airily: "Oh! yes, I did marry that fellow when I was on the stage, but we agreed to go our separate ways. When later I saw the chance of marrying a really wealthy man I took it. Burn those things and say no more about it."

I managed to save both photograph and certificate, but I am torn in an agony of doubt. If I give these proofs to my brother he can free my niece, but it will ruin my benefactress by robbing her and, worse still, her crippled son of their inheritance.

Would it not be best to tell her the truth and rely upon her generosity to supply my poor niece with an income? I am sure she would agree if I promised to keep her secret intact.

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HARPING

on his own sorrows

ON service in Ireland, I fell in love with the daughter of my commanding officer. In spite of opposition we were married.

For a year or two we were wonderfully happy. I was lucky enough to secure a first-class civil job, and a baby came, every bit as lovely and enchanting as his mother.

But the boy fell sick and we lost him.

The grief I felt and suppressed seriously affected my health. I began to suffer with my head to such an extent that at times I lost my judgment.

Whilst in this condition I met at my work a girl who exercised a most uncanny fascination over me. She liked me, her company cheered me, and we saw a good deal of each other. Our friendship was entirely platonic.

But my wife heard of our friendship and was passionately angry. She made me promise never to see my friend again, and extracted from the girl a similar vow.

We kept our word. Yet I could no longer look at or speak to a woman without being accused of the most atrocious infidelities.

Things grew so bad that at last my wife took to waiting for me as I left work.

The climax came when my wife, by chance, got hold of a photo, snapped at the works, where, for a joke, some of the girls had put on men's hats and "crowned" us with their own.

That night my wife left me and went to live with friends.

My girl friend, who throughout has been sweet and patient under my wife's unfounded suspicions, now offers to come and keep house for me and to make up to me for all I have suffered. She points out that misery was bound to result from the first moment I married a woman from a class above me.

I have suspected the same myself for some time, especially as my wife seems quite happy now she is back with her friends.

Does duty require that I must still try to placate her, or shall I accept the peace and happiness that my whole heart cries out for?

"HUMANIST" says: Your letter betrays you as completely selfish. You are full of your own woes.

But do you ever think of your heart-broken wife? You should be full of tolerance for her.

Try your utmost to retrieve the happiness of your marriage. Have nothing more to do with the baggage who offers you her "sympathy."

SUDDEN DEATH

and a staunch pal

WHEN I was eighteen I fell in love with a charming girl. We became engaged, and under her influence I faced life with a new-found smile.

Then suddenly the blow fell. I was taken ill, and had to undergo a serious operation.

My doctor tells me that with the greatest care I may live for three or four years, but, owing to unhappy birth conditions, certainly not longer.

I feel that I ought to release my girl, but she declares she loves me too much and won't hear of it.

I have even indulged in flirtations with other girls to try to cool her off, but it makes no difference. What is my duty?

"HUMANIST" says: Do not think of marriage, but be thankful that you are blessed with the friendship of so steadfast a girl.

For the rest, live in hope and you will help your own recovery. Doctors are sometimes mistaken.

WHO'S going to WIN?

JOCK RUTHERFORD'S FOOTBALL FORECASTS

Matches played on October 26

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—Division I.

BIRMINGHAM v. Sheffield Wed.
BLACKBURN v. Everton.
Grimsby Town v. Aston Villa.
HUDDERSFIELD v. Burnley.
LEICESTER CITY v. Leeds United.
Liverpool v. Manchester City.
Manchester United v. ARSENAL.
Middlesbrough v. DERBY COUNTY.
NEWCASTLE UNITED v. Bolton.
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Sunderland.
WEST HAM v. Portsmouth.

Division II.

BARNSLEY v. Preston North End.
BLACKPOOL v. Bristol City.
BRADFORD v. Cardiff.
BURY v. Notts County.
CHELSEA v. Reading.
MILLWALL v. Stoke City.
Notts Forest v. Charlton.
OLDHAM v. Hull City.
SOUTHAMPTON v. Wolverhampton.
TOTTENHAM H. v. Bradford City.
WEST BROMWICH A. v. Swansea.

Division III. (South).

BRENTFORD v. Norwich.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE v. Gillingham.
BRISTOL ROVERS v. Crystal Palace.
CLAPTON ORIENT v. Fulham.
COVENTRY v. Queen's Park Rangers.
Merthyr Town v. SOUTHEND UNITED.
Newport County v. BOURNEMOUTH.
PLYMOUTH v. Exeter City.
Swindon v. Northampton.
TORQUAY v. Luton.
Watford v. Walsall.

Division III. (North).

Barrow v. SOUTH SHIELDS.
CARLISLE v. Hartlepools.
CREWE A. v. Lincoln City.
NELSON v. Doncaster.
NEW BRIGHTON v. Rotherham.
PORT VALE v. Rochdale.
SOUTHPORT v. Chesterfield.
STOCKPORT C. v. Halifax.
WIGAN v. Darlington.
Wrexham v. Accrington.
York City v. Tranmere R.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division I.

ABERDEEN v. Dundee.
CLYDE v. Partick Thistle.
Dundee United v. Cowdenbeath.
FALKIRK v. Airdrieonians.
HAMILTON v. Motherwell.
Hibernians v. Hearts.
KILMARNOCK v. St. Mirren.
MORTON v. St. Johnstone.
QUEEN'S PARK v. Ayr United.
GLASGOW RANGERS v. Celtic.

Division II.

ALBION ROVERS v. Stenhousemuir.
ARBROATH v. Forfar.
BO'NESS v. Alloa.
Brechin City v. MONTROSE.
Clydebank v. Dumbarton.
DUNFERMLINE v. Armadale.
KING'S PARK v. East Stirling.
Queen of the South v. THIRD LANARK.
RAITH ROVERS v. East Fife.
St. Bernards v. LEITH.

Capital letters indicate team forecast to win. No distinction is made when a draw is expected.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool; Oldham; Brighton and Hove; Plymouth; Stockport; Aberdeen.
FOUR AWAY WINNERS.—Arsenal; Bournemouth; Southend; South Shields.
FOUR DRAWS.—Notts F. v. Charlton; Hibernians v. Hearts; Liverpool v. Manchester C.; Grimsby v. Aston Villa.

Indigestion
relieved at once

Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges relieve Indigestion, even in an acute form, at once—and this relief is lasting. They are made by Savory & Moore, Chemists to the King, from a formula of the celebrated Dr. Jenner. They contain no drugs and are quite harmless. Mr. C. P. H. — writes, "I have much pleasure in stating that the Absorbent Lozenges are an inestimable boon to anyone troubled with Acidity of the Stomach. The day I received your sample box I had a most virulent attack, but one lozenge removed the disagreeable symptoms in a few minutes." These Lozenges succeed where ordinary antacid preparations containing bismuth or magnesia fail. Hundreds of voluntary testimonials prove their value to sufferers from Indigestion, Acidity, Heartburn, Dyspepsia and Kindred Complaints. Send for free sample.

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Rest of bill to be paid by five further payments of 6/- and one final payment of 4/6. For terms of other sizes see pattern book. Write for post-free book of coloured designs and sample pieces to test the quality.

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The aged enjoy increased vitality.

Neave's Food

On Sale everywhere 6d. 1/6, 3/9

WHEN SLUMBER WILL NOT COME AT NIGHT
A CUP OF COCOA PUTS YOU RIGHT

You hear the clock strike two, and turn your pillow for the tenth time. Something wrong with your nerves—they're starved! That's why it's such a good thing to drink a cup of Bournville before going to bed. Cocoa helps you to sleep peacefully because it feeds and soothes the nerves and is so easily digested. As you drink your "good-night" cup, you feel the strain and fret of the day's work depart from every nerve and limb. Bournville is the cocoa with the pleasant fragrance and delicious chocolate flavour. *And it actually costs you less to-day than it did before the War.*

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

BOURNVILLE COCOA

¼lb Tin 6½d ½lb Tin 1/- 1lb Tin 2/-

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BETTER than anything within pounds of its price—better appearance, better performance, more convenient, simpler to operate and absolutely self contained—that's the Brownie Dominion Console! It brings the pick of Europe's broadcasts to your fingertips. All batteries are carried inside the big handsome mahogany cabinet, which contains, in addition to the receiver, a perfected 4-pole balanced armature speaker.

Your dealer will be delighted to demonstrate the Dominion Console to you. Ask him for details of the attractive hire purchase scheme.

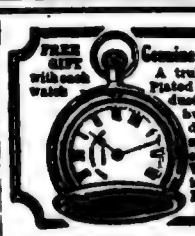
Price, including Royalty, Cossor New Process Valves, and all batteries, £12 12s 0d. Receiver and Speaker, including Royalty, but without valves and batteries, £9 15s. 0d.

BROWNIE WIRELESS COMPANY (G.B.) LTD., Nelson Street Works, London, N.W.1.

BROWNIE DOMINION CONSOLE

FREE CASH PRIZES.

£200 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes, for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 27. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese, or a label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Thursday, October 31. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts. Enter at once.



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Our Letter Parliament

My Grouse about the Films

IT costs too much. The lowest-priced seat at the big West End kinemas is 2s. 4d. in the evening, when the vast majority of people are free to go to a place of amusement.

The bait of cheap afternoon prices is of little value, as no working man can go to them. It is time that the kinemas reduced prices a bit. They are making big profits and can well afford to do so. Give the poor working man a chance.—*Thomas Ross, London, S.W.*

Sick!

After seeing certain films, one would think that every woman was married to the wrong man, and that the divorce court was a divinely ordained institution for putting the world right.

I like to see a good picture; but I am sick of those triangular dramas and marriages which are failures.

Life is not like that. There are thousands of marriages which are one long courtship.—*J. B. K., Yorks.*

Tainted Money

I dislike the films because they are in the hands of financial speculators who care for nothing but dividends.

Religion is travestied, morals are ignored, sentiment is burlesqued, home life is desecrated; but crime is applauded; immoral suggestions are substituted for innocent wit; and what might be elevating is demoralising.

Motor-car robberies, shooting and stabbing crimes and divorce actions are on the increase; and film proprietors are becoming rich "beyond the dreams of avarice."

The censorship is either inefficient, or exhibitors are clever enough to deceive it.—*London Scot.*

Flapper's Lament

As a flapper, I consider the talkie an abomination. The quiet, seductive atmosphere of the movies has been the best matrimonial agency ever invented.

Fancy winning the undivided attention of a prospective husband with the raucous, tinny strains of the new monster breaking the spell.

Flappers should rise *en masse* against the evil, for we cannot afford to surrender easily any aids to achieve that almost elusive condition known as matrimony.—*Flapper, Lancs.*

Indian Peril

I have something to do with the censorship of films in India.

Mr E. R. Thompson says: "The American film industry . . . spends its whole time portraying its nation as a hotbed of every kind of vice." Very true.

India is the dumping-ground for 98 per cent. of American films. The sad fact is that Indians lump all white people in the films, whether American or otherwise, as Britons, and thereby incalculable harm is done daily to Britain's cause in India by American films.—*M. J. W., Hyde Park, W.*

Not for Kiddies

It is time film authorities woke up with regard to some of the films which are placed before our children. Our kiddies come away with illusioned minds and ideas, and people wonder what the youth of Britain is coming to.

Authorities should ban children from seeing pictures which are unfit for them in every town and city.

How can we expect a healthy, peaceful nation when in their very youth minds are poisoned?—*D. G. T., Alford.*

Inane Titles

It is bad enough when visiting a picture-theatre in order to see the pictorial representation of a novel to find that the title has been inanely altered; but it is far worse when both plot and characters are almost unrecognisable.

When films are adapted from novels or plays, surely the author's interpretation should be adhered to.

To make a conventional "happy ending" to the film version of a novel whose keynote is tragedy is the height of absurdity.—*C. C., Swindon.*

Not Cricket

My grouse was shown up in JOHN BULL not long ago. It is that, while I enjoy a really cheap evening's entertainment, I am conscious that I am encouraging slave-driving.

When a picture is thrown on the screen I know that the operator is a lucky man if he draws £2 10s. a week. I know equally well that he holds the lives of the whole house in his hands in case of accident.

In the meantime, he is wearing away his own life, working under conditions which may break him up altogether. It isn't quite cricket.—*P. B., Acton.*

Picking a Winner

I can't see the films often enough. I like them, and usually enjoy the pictures. If I don't, I don't worry.

One can't always pick a winner, and I'm usually too pleased to have an hour or two of pleasure to be over-critical.

I see beautiful scenery, beautiful clothes, beautiful houses. The seat is comfortable; the place warm. For a modest eightpence, what more could anybody want?—*Mrs. D. V. Haynes, Nottingham.*

False Lures

Numerous dramatic scenes which find no place whatever in the film as shown are nevertheless served up as "stills" in the entrance-halls of even first-class kinemas; and, in Manchester at this time, even reproduced as large coloured posters.

Admittedly, they are the scenes sacrificed in trimming and editing for the English market, but it is a form of misrepresentation which will grow worse if unchecked.

The American invader has apparently got the British exhibitor where he wants him.—*Robt. H. Heathcote, Manchester.*

Moth-eaten Tradition

Utter lack of originality is the predominating defect. Authors and producers alike cling to moth-eaten traditions, lack initiative, and shrink from the task of pioneering new ideas.

They fail to realise that we of the younger and more enlightened generation want better fare than films based on eternal triangles, cabaret life or far-fetched sex problems.

We want, instead, clean, truthful themes of everyday life, dealing more with the future than with the past or present.—*Joseph Wyper, N.B.*

* * *

One-Reelers

To depict work as an evil to avoid and life's cruellest hardship a marriage without wealth is the films' greatest failing.—*M. H., North Wales.*

The kinema, almost the last sanctuary we have against noise, is now invaded by a procession of screaming automata. Faugh!—*A. Shaw, Worcester.*

British producers are a measly, spineless, benighted lot of business cowards, with neither the grit nor the gumption to produce "a better mousetrap than their neighbours."—*O. R. W., Talgarth.*

To the American sausage-machine sexperts I am an empty-headed, scatter-brained boob, with no taste for aught but smuttiness.—*G. W. B., Liverpool.*

A children's kinema with well-chosen films—what a boon it would be to children, to parents and to all child-lovers!—*Elder Sister, Edinburgh.*

"Films without love interest do not appeal to the public," says a producer. Yet when "Chang," that wonderful animal film, came to our local kinema, it broke all records.—*J. G., Fife.*

Our kinemas foster superficiality of thought; they tend to make us intolerant of anything that is frugal, simple or sincere.—*W. J., Dumbarton.*

The aim of the modern film, like that of the modern novel, appears to be immorality rather than immortality.—*J. Ferguson, London, E.*

Present-day films hold up the mirror to life, but it is a distorting mirror. They pander to the lower tastes of people by their "adults only" notices and their lurid posters.—*S. T., Liverpool.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

"HOT" for Newbury

THERE are not many horses in training which have made such abnormal improvement inside twelve months as King's Oven, whom I am putting up as "hot" for the Newbury Autumn Cup in order to recover Cesarewitch losses.

The six-year-old was among the non-acceptors for the Cesarewitch, and I fancy his owner let the event go by with Newbury's cup in view.

King's Oven was allotted 8 st. 9 lb. in the Newmarket race, a little packet given to him for winning five handicaps off the reel this season, and, if he had gone to the post, he would have been well backed.

Last October he finished well down the course in the long-distance race at Newmarket with 6 st. 2 lb. on his back.

These two sets of figures speak for themselves.

Last year he won one race in eleven attempts. This year he has not been out of the first four in any of his eight races.

I saw King's Oven win the Newbury Summer Cup from Gipsy King and Mara. He took the race with ridiculous ease.

A reasonable price may be obtainable, for Sir Joshua—last year's winner—also missed the Cesarewitch with an eye to bringing off a double.

I notice that Serafina's name crops up in the Reading Nursery, and Mr. Cottrill's youngster is leniently weighted. JOHN BULL readers may recollect that Serafina was heavily supported some while back to beat the speedy Lady Abbess.

The task was too great, but Serafina ran into third place. She won her next race by eight lengths, and then failed at Kempton.

I give Serafina a decided chance at Newbury, and suggest Royal Dell for the Twyford Nursery.

The MacNab stands for the Cambridgshire, with Ghost Train as a "saver."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 24, to Wednesday, October 30.

5 B G X J M E W 3 K T 9 N L Q
Y C D P V F O 2 A I U S R Z H

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life*, read the one above or below, as the case may be.

UO3BTX would read TEACUP.

"SILVER RING."

Why I Observe the Two-Minutes Silence.

ORIGINAL letters upon the above subject, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 29.

Drink this "TEA" for your RHEUMATISM

I have a simple but WONDERFUL REMEDY for Rheumatism, Neuritis and "acid" complaints. Not a drug nor medicine, but a tropical plant called HERVEA.

A beverage is made of the tiny leaf, which you prepare and drink like ordinary "Tea." No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home; the RELIEF IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day.

Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant.

Drink a cupful of HERVEA each morning, and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poisons and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

Just send me your name and address, stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss, also a stamp for postage, and I will post you, Free of Charge, a trial package. If you feel that you are getting benefit, I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. I do not vend patent medicines, but can say, from my own personal experience, that the product now offered is most effective for Rheumatism and allied complaints, and what it did for me in a few weeks it should do for you, if you will give it a fair trial.

Address—

Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer (Dept. 249a), 3, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1

N.B.—Please mark your envelope "HERVEA" in the left-hand corner, and possible delay will be avoided.

P.S. Apart from RHEUMATISM, I have been told in letters from numerous people that they have found Hervea splendid for INDIGESTION, "NERVES," SLEEPLESSNESS, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER and STOMACH TROUBLES. (If you suffer from any of the above Disorders, send for a sample.)

Listen to My Message Of Health!

The way to Relief and to Buoyant Health and Vigour is an EASY one. You can benefit TO-DAY! Within a FEW MINUTES or a Few Hours, according to the nature of your Complaint, you can enjoy the Exhilarating Energetic Sensation of BLESSED RELIEF. You will feel in GOOD SPIRITS instead of being DEPRESSED. You will find STOMACH TROUBLE corrected as if by Magic, PAINS CHARMED AWAY. TIREDNESS IS BANISHED, the Blood enriched and the Nerves made STRONG and STEADY by the powerful VITAMIN NUTRITION of this SAFE and CERTAIN Remedy.

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FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	Glorious Relief	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES	Deliverance	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE	Vim and Vigour	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION	Buoyant Energy	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES"	Steadiness	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION	Keen Appetite	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION	Animation	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS	Calm Repose	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM	Pain Relief	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	Regularity	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	Purification	In 36 HOURS

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FREE at our Expense. The results obtained by this new design of the famous VITA-PHONIC Soundbox far exceeds the first pattern so successfully introduced by us a year ago. We are so confident that it will please you that we will send it to you on 7 days' free trial. The improvement in tone over ordinary soundboxes is immense, and the Vita-Phonic will make the smallest portable instrument sound like an expensive cabinet gramophone.

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I promise to pay after 7 days 3/- and 5 weekly payments of 2/- (making 13/-), or 10/6 cash, or return in good condition. State if soundbox slips over or into tone arm. Cross out which does not apply.

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with your Vita-Phonic Soundbox. This combination will give you results far superior to any you have conceived possible before. One needle will play ten records; a shilling box plays 1,000. 1/- per box or 3 boxes 2/6 post free. Cash only.

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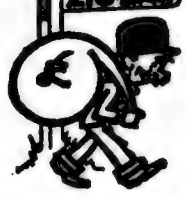

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ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

Sunripe Competition.

Messrs. R. and J. Hill regret that they are unable to publish the names of the prizewinners of their present Sunripe Competition in this issue. Owing to the numerous entries received the judging has taken longer than was anticipated. The awards therefore will be advertised as soon as possible in a forthcoming issue

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If you are suffering the tortures of Piles, send at once for the Magic Pile Cure, which for a limited period is being offered FREE OF CHARGE. The curative healing action of this remedy on the inflamed and swollen parts is felt with the first soothing application. There is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. We invite you to try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day to Magic Laboratories, M.N.19, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C., and a complete trial outfit will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.

PARENTHOOD:

DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?

A Manual of Birth Control
By MICHAEL FIELDING

Preface by **H. G. WELLS** *Five Diagrams*

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."
From H. G. Wells' preface.

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.

THE FUTURE OF NAKEDNESS

By J. LANGDON-DAVIES.

Paper 2s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 3s. 6d.

NOEL DOUGLAS, Dept. J.B.46, 38, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

Pull it off this week—

"John Bull's" £500 X-word

BE in the big push this week and enter for "John Bull's" great square and fair Crossword. Think what a ripping time you could have with £500 cash prize in your hand! The opportunity is positively staring you in the face, so put your best arm forward and pin yourself down to the profitable pastime—without a moment's delay. Don't forget that in addition to this splendid first there is a further £50 offered for Runners Up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, NOV. 7th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, NOV. 14th. Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 33 appears on page 10.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of "John Bull" Crossword No. 36 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), October 31st.

An extra £50 for runners up!

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), October 31st

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 36

Entry Form "A."

36 *JB.*

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

36 *JB.*

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon) October 31st.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Clues Across.

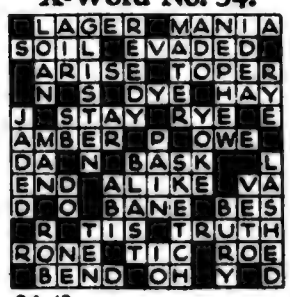
1. Cease.
4. Looking.
9. Malay dagger.
11. Nothing.
12. The same again.
13. Worn uneasily.
16. To clothe.
17. Healing liquid.
20. Scorched bread.
22. Receptacle.
24. Insect's egg.
27. Seize.
29. To narrate.
32. Deft.
33. A small cube game.
34. Article of food.

Clues Down.

1. Deride.
2. Make effort.
3. Helps the motorist on the road.
5. Terminus.
6. Whole.
7. Saltpetre.
8. Spherical.
10. Forms in chimneys.
13. Hard stone.
14. Ingenuity.
15. Mid-day.
18. Part of the finger.
19. Central gangways.
21. Prepared for exhibition.
23. Habit.
25. Seen at the Oval.
26. Vehicle.
28. Incursion.
30. A vessel.
31. An age.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 34.



34 *JB.*

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 34 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle in next column IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to: "John Bull," Crosswords (No. 36), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, October 31st.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co. /, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, November 14th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, November 19th, after which date the prize money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

A DARK *Eventide*

IT is hard for the elderly when they have to face their remaining years with dread. "I have had my share of trouble," says Mrs. Powell, adding, with fear clutching at her heart, "What is coming next?"

Her "share of trouble" has included the wounding of her late husband, who, when a constable, was three times stabbed in the back by a burglar.

"What is coming next?"

Then, during the war, when he was put on air-raid duty, he fell insensible at the close of a night's duty and severely injured his face.

When he died his pension ceased, and the small grant allowed to his widow has also stopped.

Mrs. Powell has undergone three serious operations for cancer, and now, cut and scarred, is left with a useless arm and hand.

Hoping to gain a living by letting rooms at the seaside, she, with her sole surviving daughter out of four children, moved to the coast, but the house they managed to obtain proved to be too far from the sea to attract visitors.

She was reduced to selling two of her chairs to provide the money for her return fare. The authorities at the hospital she attends, however, stepped in and paid her travelling expenses.

Will our readers, whose hearts are touched with the infirmities of others, make it possible, by subscribing liberally to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund, for us to transform the dark shadows Mrs. Powell dreads into happy sunshine, and light up her face with a smile?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

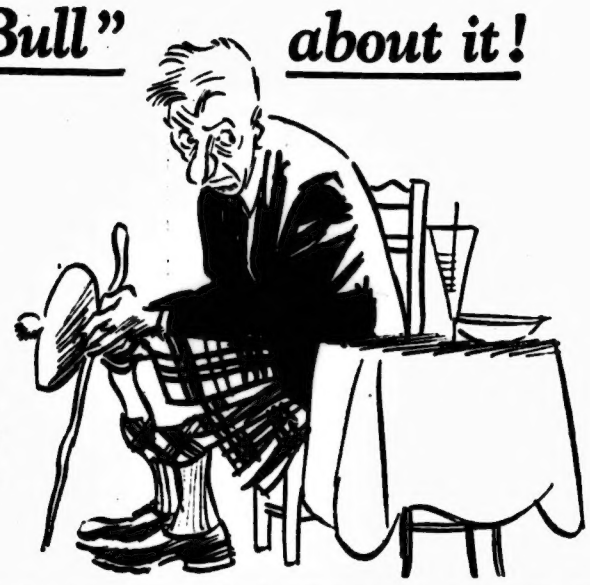
Ex-17th Lancer, £1 0s. 5d.; Topekhana Wallah, 10s.; "In Memory" (Cumberland), 2s. 6d.; T. Hunt (Dorking), £2; Anon (Warwick), 6s. 6d.; One in Sympathy (Brinklow), 1s.; R. J. Lewis (Swansea), 2s.; M. S., 1s.; J. Robertson (Inverness), 10s.; E. B. (Torquay), 3s.; Target (Worcester), 1s.; Anon (Reading), 1s.; E. Kirby (Bradford), 2s.; Mrs. Smith (Wirral), 2s. 6d.; W. E. D., 5s.; J. C. Leath (Northwich), 2s.; "Ethel" (Pinchampstead), 2s.; Mrs. McCrorie, 1s.; Working Man, £1; O. W. Owen (Richmond), 1s. J. Cooke (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; R. J. C., 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 5s.; Mother (Wolverhampton), 5s.; E. Bowes (Barrow-in-Furness), 10s.; Anon (Reading), 2s. 6d.; T. A. (Sunderland), 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Grabb, 5s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; M. Cooper, 2s. 6d.; Kathleen Cheshire (Nottingham), 10s.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollar), 1s.; M. E. (Tresillian), 8d.; Pat (Ips.), 5s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Deep Sea, £1; Neptune, 2s. 6d.; May (Ayr), 2s.; Anon (Stockbridge), 6d.; D. J. (Aberystwyth), 2s.; S., 2s.; See-R-See (Soton), 2s. 6d.; In His Name's Sake, 6d.; Per A. G. Wingfield, 5s.; Billie, 4½d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Tom Lodge, 2s.; John Ashmore, 6d.; J. J. Devine (Leyland), 6d.; B. Nilsen, 6d.; H. L. Burgess, 6d.; H. Jones, 6d.; Mrs. W. H. Elson (Tylorstown), 1s.; S. Radford (Ilkeston), 6d.; J. Bloomfield 2s. 6d.; D. E. Meggitt (Hulme), 5s.; Widow Jane, 10s.; L. G. (Evesham), 6d.; Mirabel (S.W.6), 1s.; A Rotter (Coventry), 1s.; In Memory of Jimmy Boy, 1s. 6d.; F. W. Campin (Sheffield), 5s.; A Regular Reader (Streatham), 2s.; Miss Violet E. Hewitt, 5s.; E. Dickens (Winslow), 6d.; Mrs. W. Frost, 6d.; Priscilla (Wrigglesworth), 6d; H. Gale, 6d; H. E. McAtominey, 1s.; I., 6d.; B. Smith (Shrewsbury), 1s.; A. H. (Macclesfield), 2s.; R. M. (Beaufort St.), 3s.; M. S., 2s.; W. P. (Crookham), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Richmond), 2s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Well Wisher at Headington, 2s.; A. Carter, 6d.; Mrs. Rheubottom, 2s. 6d.; Rodden, 17s. 6d.; Indus Proc., 2s.; A. V. Marshall, 2s. 6d.; H. C. (Liverpool), 6s.; Claude Kinder (Macclesfield), 2s.; B. B. B. (Grimsby), 1s.; P. W. Knight (Earlsfield), £2; Fell View, 5s.; Anon. (Manchester), 1s. 9d.; Jim (Normanton), 1s.; Repentent, 1s.; O. A. P. (Chelsea), 5s. 0½d.; Mrs. L. M. Cloke (Torquay), 2s. 6d.; H. Mabey (Kerswell), 2s. 6d.; Mr. Wm. Brooke (Oldham), 1s.; Making Ends Meet, 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from A Lonely One, A Widow from Royton, J. Porteous (Helperby), O. S. (Brighton), D. P. (Somerset), Jean and Bobby, F. K. 1896, F. A. Tyler, Mrs. Knapp, Miss Catherine Garrard, Mrs. Peach, Mrs. Loader, Mrs. Williams (Pennal), M. E. Cain, Mrs. Alex (Shirley), Mrs. Wilson (Cumberland), My Bit (Yorks), Mrs. T. H. Tomlinson.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Write to "John Bull" about it!

T. B. (Ayr).—"He came to see me when I was ill, but he didn't stay long." Hadn't you many grapes?



The EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

J. V. (East Ham).—"I am walking to reduce." Expenses?

C. L. (Wallasey).—"What is the aim of a poor spinster?" Some poor, rich man.

H. P. (Golders Green).—"I married after the Armistice." From war to worse.

E. M. (Dalkeith).—"My memory is not what it was." Then how do you remember what it was?

B. J. (Walsall).—"I sleep in gloves to keep my hands soft." Do you sleep in a hat as well?

A. G. (Ewell).—"I always say what is in my mind." One of the strong, silent sort.

HARRY (Gloucester).—"Why can't men go straight these days?" Because motor-cars won't let them.

D. J. (Croydon).—"Soon we will all be flying to work." But most of us would sooner fly from work.

F. N. (Berwick).—"I can always hear the sound of blasting from my house." So you live near a golf-course!

F. T. (Oxford).—"I laughed so much that I thought I should never stop." Had you just told a good yarn?

W. L. (Richmond).—"I've no time for traffic regulations." A magistrate will probably give you some before long.

S. M. (Kingston).—"The days when we had no broadcasting seem very far away." The B.B.B.C. era, you mean.

M. S. (Luton).—"After all, home ties are the strongest." Yes, it's the home-made ones that won't wear out.

J. H. (Camborne).—"Which is the best way to draw a man out?" Produce a corkscrew.

MISS G. (Hull).—"I am decidedly above all the men I have met so far." Do you mean you are on the shelf?

SUSIE (Streatham).—"I have lost all my good looks." Try Scotland Yard; your handbag may be there.

C. T. (Sleights).—"I am often mistaken for a politician." We like a man who can tell a story against himself.

F. D. (Hythe).—"Should a man propose before twenty-one?" Most men prefer to ask the girl when she is alone.

S. C. (Deal).—"The reason I am still single is that I never live in one town for long." A rolling stone gathers no boss.

S. B. (Battersea).—"I have been married for thirty years and I spend every evening at home with my wife." Is it love or rheumatism?

C. E. H. (Hadleigh).—"I took my neighbour's cockerel for a lark." There must be something wrong with your eyes.

EUGENIST (Hanwell).—"People who kiss each other on the lips should be punished." They are. Many men receive a life sentence.

D. R. (Bedford).—"Men are very often nervous when they propose." And the girls are often nervous until they propose.

F. G. (Blaenavon).—"How is it that heroes are always young in fiction?" Because authors realise that when men are old they know better.

D. L. (Mansfield).—"Lady drivers always want the whole road to themselves." And the safest plan is to let them have it.

H. K. (Kensington).—"Lectures are given in the Science Museum to explain how the automatic telephone works." So it does work?

N. B. (Dunoon).—"My life has been full of trials." Any convictions?

N. M. (S.W.5).—"The barber actually took a piece out of my ear." That's a bit off.

O. S. (Portadown).—"Drink drives some men mad." Especially when they can't get it.

D. B. (Hitchin).—"I paid £500 for this bee farm." Thanks for moderating your language.

R. F. (Bow).—"The British working man needs a spokesman." His wife can speak for herself.

S. C. (Calstock).—"What is the invariable result of financial success?" Increased income-tax.

D. K. (Hayes).—"What things are necessary to ensure a poultry farm being a success?" Eggs.

T. V. (Sheffield).—"Do you think I should court an investigation?" What's wrong with a nice girl?

MRS. M. (Hammersmith).—"I don't mind paying a fair retail price." But you object to paying a fairy tale price.

V. B. (Abingdon).—"Now that there's Prohibition in America, what do corkscrew makers do?" Make corkscrews.

H. Y. (Northolt).—"All the world's a stage." And there's generally an understudy ready to take our place.

C. F. (Shoreham).—"I can do nothing without my wife." Most married men can do nothing with theirs.

L. R. (Teddington).—"I missed my train three mornings running." You mean three mornings walking, don't you?

S. A. (Ilkeston).—"Science has lengthened our lives. But what benefit is it to us?" It gives us more time to pay for our cars.

R. B. (Coventry).—"For £40 in America a baby car is brought to your door packed in case." In case you get a look at it and refuse to take it in?

W. A. (Hythe).—"Isn't it dangerous to judge a girl's character by her face?" Yes, and even more dangerous to judge other people's characters by her lips.

J. M. (Ruislip).—"Deposits can always be left at a Post Office Savings Bank." But there's no reason why they should be left in the ink-wells.

F. M. H. (London, N.).—"There should be a census in this country every two years." This interval would be quite long enough to enable girls to get their age ready.

F. N. (Victoria).—"He is very rich and very mean." That's why he is very rich.

J. S. (London, S.).—"To what do you think I owe my ninety years?" Long life.

GEORGE (Nuneaton).—"I am losing flesh every day." Perhaps you hurry too much while shaving.

B. B. (Luton).—"My fiancée says she is always thinking of me." When you are married she'll think for you.

G. N. (Rochester).—"She is trying hard to find a husband." Then we expect she is looking her best.

L. N. (Kennington).—"Wives should do their own cooking, as it is more economical." Yes; husbands eat less.

C. H. (Fife).—"Does a girl prefer wealth or appearance in a man?" Appearance, and the sooner the better.

P. B. (Mansfield).—"I was late at the office because I fell downstairs." But it wouldn't take you long to fall downstairs.

F. N. (Cowes).—"Yacht racing requires steady nerves." And yet there is no racing at all unless there is a certain amount of wind up.

D. N. H. (Burnt Oak).—"Some animals commit suicide." It must be a long and tiresome job for a cat with nine lives to dispose of.

H. M. (Highgate).—"The penny admission to Kew Gardens has been abolished." More excursions are to be run from Aberdeen.

C. R. (Edmonton).—"I want to get advice about publishing the enclosed poems. Whom do you advise me to see?" A doctor.

V. F. (Leicester).—"I still have an ostrich egg which I brought over at the end of the Boer War. Can you beat that?" We should hate to try.

G. M. S. (Goole).—"Every worker should have a three weeks' annual holiday with pay." Hurry up if you want a fifty-two weeks' holiday each year—with pay. See page 39.

N. Q. (Faygate).—"The wise woman does not worry when her husband slams the door and leaves the house." A man who goes out like a lion usually comes home like a lamb.

T. J. (Birmingham).—"An impediment in the speech is no bar to music." In fact, a jazz musician who can stutter into a trombone is generally a great success.

G. B. (Iver).—"A man in a blue suit asked me my name." What was the charge?

J. F. (East Ham).—"What is the best book to take on a holiday?" A cheque-book.

D. L. (Woking).—"Our maid is very small." Then the crockery hasn't got so far to fall.

R. N. (Cromer).—"Beer always affects my head." It searches out the weakest spot.

F. M. (Mayfair).—"I've bought a cigarette-lighter." Now all you need is a box of matches.

J. D. (Sutton).—"He has threatened to kiss me. What shall I do?" What do you usually do?

P. B. (Bognor).—"He always wears a bowler-hat that is too large for him." Don't his ears get tired?

V. M. (Bristol).—"Saxophones are affected by the cold." Is that why they so often wear bowler-hats in jazz bands?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

PETERBORO' ADVERTISER:—"RECTOR'S DEPARTURE—THANKSGIVING services were held in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday."

CUPID'S DIARY:—"Two hours that NICK spent taking Mary Ellen's HEART between his lips."

RANCH ROMANCES:—"Weakly she sank on the bed, the typewritten sheet sliding from the FLOOR to her LAP."

LOWESTOFT JOURNAL:—"THE CORNERSTONE of the new Chapel in Clapham Road, WILL BE HELD on Saturday."

LANGPORT AND SOMERTON HERALD:—"The MARE was nine years old; her brother had reared it from a COLT."

DIXON HAWKE LIBRARY:—"Tommy HEARD the leering GRIN which accompanied the words."

THE MAGNET:—"He grasped a hatchet in ONE hand, a stout cudgel in the OTHER and a dagger in the OTHER."

EVENING NEWS AND SOUTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"He mentions a very few things made by the FOREFINGER."

THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"When I looked 'Smiler' up in his garage at Old Trafford, Manchester, the BROAD SMILE to which he owes his nickname was adorning his countenance and he was WHISTLING a merry tune."

Here is a loud speaker, a full size Cabinet Cone model that will bring real life-like music with it. A new type balanced armature movement gives amazing sensitivity and an excellent all round performance No other speaker under £5 can claim results equal to this. Hear it and believe—every note is reproduced with the vivid clearness of reality.

Graham Amplion Ltd., 25/26, Savile Row, London, W.1. Works: Slough

18 MODELS FROM 21/-

JOHN BULL *pays £200*

Fatal Accidents caused by

a Splinter and a Tin of Floor Polish.

MRS. ELIZABETH NIXON, 3, Cross Street, Hucknall, Notts., was scrubbing the floor when she ran a splinter into her thumb. In spite of every care, lockjaw set in from which she died.

Another reader, Mrs. Elizabeth Willis, 35A, Carlton Place, Southampton, was seen to rush from the home with her clothes on fire. She had been warming a tin of floor polish on the gas stove. It ignited and she was burned to death.

JOHN BULL has sent to the husband of each, a cheque for £100 under its Great Free Insurance Gift.

Those little domestic duties which seem so trivial and commonplace are often the very ones which end in tragedy. Scrubbing the floor, hanging clothes on the line, cleaning the cellar steps, hanging curtains, blackleading the grate, even walking downstairs—all these things in "the daily round and common task" of the housewife have resulted fatally or else caused serious injury to registered readers of JOHN BULL.

Doesn't it go to show that "you never can tell" and that it would be wise to sign the forms now?

In addition, many Benefits have been paid this week on account of Fire, Storm, Sickness, Children's Accidents, etc. Total Benefits paid 46,727.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your newsagent.**

To (name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 26/10 29.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use id. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if id. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 26/10/29.

FOLLOW MR. SLOW

—but hurry if you want a pension!

Mr. A. Slow

MANCHESTER has the reputation for thinking ahead of the rest of the country. Well, it was certainly justified last week when Mr. A. Slow, of 24, Winifred Road, Urmston, Manchester, thought of the *Bullet* which won him £300—GOOD-BYE, SUMMER—YOU'VE BEEN "ROYAL DOCTOR."

"I am just getting a little more settled after the excitement of the splendid news," says Mr. Slow, "my wife tells me that she spent an exciting day yesterday answering inquiries about my win, as she is well known in this district.

"My £300 *Bullet* was based on personal experience, for though it refers primarily to the King, I think this summer has been to everyone a 'royal doctor.'

"I know it has been to me, for I had a breakdown last year and I am still having medical attention."

At the dangerous age of 39, with a wife and two little children to share the proceeds of his week's work as the manager of a shoe store, Mr. Slow need no longer fear his fortieth birthday. His few minutes' consultation with "Doctor Bullets" has put him on his feet for many years to come.

The only people whom Mr. Slow need envy are the two competitors who this week secure our big Pension Prizes of £5 weekly and £2 weekly for life—and you may be one of them.

If you want to make sure of a cheque from JOHN BULL every week for the rest of your life, get busy with your *Bullets* this very evening. Remember that the closing date, Saturday, November 2nd, is speedily approaching.

CASH AND WIRELESS WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE OF £400. COMPETITION 732.

Mr. W. J. REID, College Hill Chambers, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Example :—SNOWDEN'S NEXT JOB
Bullet :—"BALANCING" BUDGET—*And* HALO.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. S. BOSTOCK, 128, Daw Bank, Stockport.

Example :—LEGAL WARFARE—
Bullet :—"VICTORY MEDAL" SOMETIMES FARTHING.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. C. HORNER, c/o Parkside, Kingston Vale, Putney, S.W.

Example :—CLOSING DOWN—
Bullet :—BREWERY—HOP BLEW AWAY!

WINNERS OF 25 'EDISON-BELL" WIRELESS SETS:

F. S. ALLMAN, 136, Sandwell Road, West Bromwich.
WIRELESS WAVES—LINK NATIONS—DIVIDE NEIGHBOURS.

F. BARKER, 60, Randal Street, Blackburn.
RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—BOOTLEGGER, WHILE "GAUNTLET" WINKS.

H. J. HEARST, 15, Marlborough Street, Dublin.
FLOOD OF INK—PROPERLY "HARNESSED," GENERATES "LIGHT."

Miss L. JEANS, 62, Victoria Road, Bournemouth, Hants.
FLOOD OF INK—FLOWED *Over* LONDON'S BRIDGES.

W. JEFFERSON, 14, St. George's Road, Hull.
LEGAL WARFARE—"AMMUNITION," GUINEAS—"INDEMNITY," FARTHINGS.

J. PRYCE JONES, 15, Benjamin Road, Wrexham.
LIKE THUNDER—OPPOSITION'S FACES—NOT VOICES.

H. LARKIN, 88, Queen's Road, Hastings.
LEGAL WARFARE—*Hours* TO REASON WHY.

B. LEGGETT, 148, Ashley Road, Parkstone, Dorset.
LOVER OF SPORT—REMAIN—DON'T "MARRY" IT.

Mrs. McARTHUR, 32, Lonsdale Street, Workington, Cumb.
WHEN TRUSTED—THIEVING EASIER—THEFT HARDER.

Mrs. G. MANNING, Wadeford, near Chard, Som.
THE AIR—CLEARER ITS ERA NEARER.

T. J. L. MAY, Burnholme, Burnham Park Road, Peverell, Plymouth.
MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE—SUFFERER WHO BECOMES INSUFFERABLE.

A. NUTTALL, 23, Smith House Avenue, Brighouse, Yorks.
WIRELESS WAVES—COULDN'T THEY "DROWN" WAR?

L. W. PAVIOUR, 176, Birchanger Road, London, S.E.
LEGAL WARFARE—FIRST SHOT OFTEN CUPID'S.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. PERRY, 1, Whitley Cottage, nr. Hanwood, Shrewsbury.
LIKE THUNDER—STAGE MANAGER—NOISE WASN'T.

H. S. RABY, Rosemary, Clewer Hill Road, Clewer Green, Windsor.
WIRELESS WAVES—THEIR "ENCROACHMENTS" PROBLEM, TOO.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. C. SOBEY, 36, Graham Road, Pendleton, Manchester.
THE AIR—THE *Broader, Higher* WAY.

R. SALMON, 37, Dovedale Road, Perry Common, Birmingham.
MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE—"HUGS" IT—BECOMES "BEAR."

H. W. SANTER, 31, Windermere Crescent, Eastbourne.
FORTUNATELY FOR US—MOTOR INDUSTRY "SPEEDING," TOO.

W. THWAITES, 39, Lindsay Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—FOOD COUNCIL "STANDING STILL."

G. T. TOZER, 7, Cumberland Avenue, London, N.W.
HIGHER AND HIGHER—HOSPITAL'S *Other* "SUNDAY COLLECTIONS."

A. TUNSTALL, 55, Longfield, Prestwich, Manchester.
WINTER'S COMING AND—PESSIMIST'S DISTRIBUTING *Wet* BLANKETS.

T. UNWIN, 37, Mitcham Park, Mitcham, Surrey.
CALL OF THE WILD—UNSETTLES—THEN MAKES SETTLERS.

C. WALKER, 139, Howard Road, Leicester.
FLOOD OF INK—COLOURS "TIDE OF OPINION."

Miss E. M. WALLING, The Butts, Kingskerswell, nr. Newton Abbot.
MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE—WORKING ON—WORKING OFF.

B. G. WALSBY, 64, Victoria Avenue, East Ham.
WHEN THE LION ROARS—MOTHER "SNAPS HEAD OFF."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 25 £1 winners and 50 10s. winners will be published in "Bullets" Bulletin, a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL, brings 12 issues post paid. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

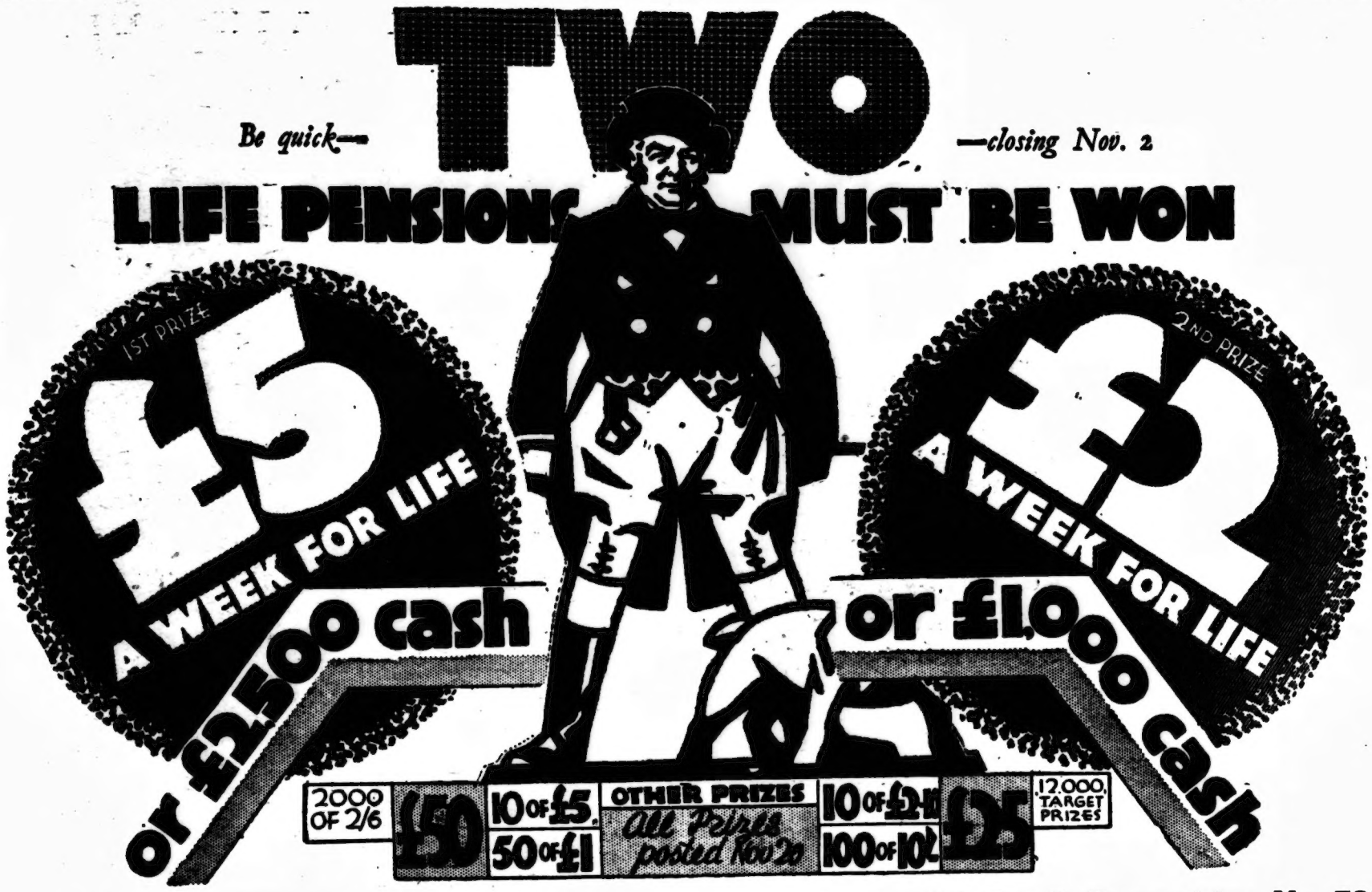
The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 731 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Restall, Station Bridge, Urmston, Manchester.

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib. JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. 26.10.29

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

With every "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen, fitted with 14 Carat Solid Gold Nib, Iridium tipped, "John Bull" will present to you, absolutely FREE, a magnificent 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser. Send 6 coupons and P.O. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage and insurance. Cash the Coupons.



LAST WEEK FOR LIFE PENSIONS!

USUALLY a pension comes along after a lifetime's toil—or some domestic tragedy. A *Bullets* pension, however, may be won for a few minutes' work—and getting your *Bullets* together is just the pleasant relaxation you want for one of these cold Autumn evenings.

Simply select an *Example* from the list given and add any TWO, THREE OR FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment. Here is a specimen; against the *Example*, KEY TO PEACE, adding the words, ALSO OPENS PROSPERITY'S DOOR, would form a complete *Bullet*.

Study this week's winning *Bullets* on the opposite page—then get speedily to work. This double opportunity of a *Bullets* Pension lasts only until Saturday, November 2nd.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 735, "John Bull" Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(735) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(735) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(735) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 735.

EMPIRE FAMILY
SURE SIGN
SHOWING US THE WAY
HEROES
RUN IN
STAIN ON OUR FLAG
THE DREGS
A SECOND
KEY TO PEACE
FATHER SAID
BRITISH TOMMY
GOES ON FOR EVER
FAITHFUL
RESCUE WORK

MAKES ME SEE RED
A CRIPPLE
SOUND EDUCATION
"EVER BEEN HAD?"
LOOK IN HER EYES
GONE
WINTER'S COMING, BUT
PAID
MONSTROUS
LOOKING FOR A MAN
LAGGING BEHIND
LATELY
NOT BIG ENOUGH

RECORD HARVEST
FOOLED
PERHAPS ONE DAY
COAL—COTTON—IRON—
AT MARS' FUNERAL
WHIRLPOOL OF FINANCE
HOLE IN THE ROAD
GRAND FINALE
HUMANITY DEMANDS
WORD OF WARNING
BEWARE, YOUNG MAN
MILLIONS
CURE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order. See Rules on page 38.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(735) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(735) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 2.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(735) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s. Address _____

200 FINE "BULLETS" TURKEYS NEXT WEEK—WIN YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER!

NUTRITION

NUTRITION is the keystone, the essential basis, of all growth and development; of physical and mental vigour; of capacity to resist the attacks of illness and disease.

There is a quality in meat not possessed in like degree by any other kind of food. This is the power to stimulate cellular activity—to encourage and speed-up the vital metabolic processes which lie at the root of all nutrition. It is for this reason that beef is the most highly valued of all the great staple articles of food by all virile and progressive peoples.

The qualities that make meat of such great dietetic importance are concentrated in Bovril. In it, beef proteins of the highest biological (or feeding) value are scientifically combined with the concentrated vitalising elements of beef that keep body and brain active and promote the vigorous functioning of every organ.

To promote growth in children: to maintain a high standard of health and efficiency: to strengthen the body against illness—

BOVRIL

IS THE IDEAL STIMULANT NUTRIENT

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